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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCXXXVII. NOVEMBER 1918. VOL. CCIV.

PUSHED.

BY QUEX.

VII.

8.15 P.M.: "I found that C Battery had moved off—gone towards the other side of Z——, and B and D were also on the march," explained the Colonel, when Headquarter carts and waggons—parked out for the night only half an hour before—had again got under way (taking the road between X—— and Z——) for the third time during twenty-two hours. "Division got news that the Boche was putting in two fresh Divisions, and intended to attack by moonlight," he added, "and they thought our guns were too close up to be safe; so the Brigade-Major hurried down and told the batteries to move back at once. We turn south-west from Z—— and make for Q——, and come into action there as soon as we get further news from Division. I have sent out orders to all the batteries, and they are marching to Q—— independently."

It was a radiant night. The moon rode high in a star-spangled sky; there was a glow and a sense of beauty in the air—a beauty that exalted soul and mind, and turned one's thoughts to music and loveliness and home. The dry hard roads glistened white and clean; and in the silvery light the silhouettes of men marching steadily, purposefully, took on a certain dignity that the garish sun had not allowed to be revealed.

Whether we spoke of it or not, each one of us listened expectantly for the swift-rushing scream of a high-velocity shell, or the long-drawn sough of an approaching 5·9. This main road, along which our retreating columns were winding

their slow even way, was bound to be strafed.

We rode through Z——, two days ago a Corps H.Q., deserted now save for the military police, and for odd parties of engineers, signallers, and stretcher-bearers. Then our way took us down a wide sunken road, through an undulating countryside that stretched up to remote pine-tipped hills to right and left of us. A battalion of French infantry had halted by the roadside; their voices, softer, more tuneful than those of our men, seemed in keeping with the moonlit scene; and in their long field-blue coats they somehow seemed bigger, more matured, than our foot-soldiers.

We had marched five miles when a horseman on a broad-backed black came towards us. He looked intently at every one he passed as he rode the length of our column. "Is that the Adjutant, sir?" he asked when he came level with me; and then, sure of my identity, went on, "I've got our supply waggon with me, sir—halted it at the next cross-roads. I heard the Brigade was moving, sir, and came to find the best spot to pick you up. The battery supply waggons will be passing this way in about half an hour, sir."

Keeping daily touch with your supply column is one of the fine arts of moving warfare, and the resourceful M'Donald had again proved his worth. "Refilling point, to-morrow, will be at ——, sir," he added, "and after to-morrow it will be only iron rations. Good forage to-day, sir."

11 P.M.: Brigade Headquarters had pulled into the right of the road behind A Battery, just outside a village that up to the 21st had been a sort of rest-village, well behind the lines. Army Ordnance, Army Service Corps, and battalions out of the line were the only units represented there, and a fair proportion of the civil population had re-established itself after the German retreat in the spring of 1917. Now all was abandoned again, furniture and cattle bundled out, and houses looked up in the hope that shortly the Boche would be thrust back and the village re-occupied by its rightful owners.

The Colonel had ridden forward with young Bushman to meet the Brigade-Major and to settle where the Brigade would camp. More French infantry passed, going up to the Front by the way we had come back. Twice, big lasting flares illuminated the sky over there where the fighting was—stores being burnt to prevent them falling into German hands, we concluded. Presently, Bushman came back and pointed out a particular area where Brigade Headquarters could settle down.

The small village green would do for horse lines and for parking our vehicles. I sent off the sergeant-major to scout for water-supply, and took possession of a newly-roofed barn in which the men might sleep.

There was a roomy shed for the officers' horses and a stone outhouse for the men's kitchen. Now about a billet for the Colonel!

"There's a big house at the back, sir, with an Artillery mess in it," said the sergeant-major, who had finished watering and feeding the horses. "Perhaps there's a spare room there for the Colonel."

I went round and came upon the officers of a 6-inch how. battery, who had reached the village two hours before and were finishing their evening meal. They offered me dinner, which I refused, and then a whisky, which I accepted; but there were no spare rooms. They had got away from the neighbourhood of the canal with the loss of two hows., but told me of a 9·2 battery at ——, that it had been absolutely impossible to get out. "I believe it is true that we've done very well up north," replied their Irish captain cheerfully. "Lots of prisoners at Ypres, they say. . . . Have another whisky!"

"We have one tent, haven't we?" I asked the sergeant-major when I got outside.

"Yes, sir, but there's a cottage where Meddings has put the officers' cook-house. It looks all right, and there might be something there for the Colonel."

The cottage certainly looked clean and neat from the outside, but the door was locked, and it is the rule that British troops only enter French houses with the consent of the owners. However, I climbed through the window and found two empty rooms each with bed and mattress. Times were not for picking and choosing. "We'll put the tent up," I decided, "and ask the Colonel if he cares to take one of these beds or have the tent. You and I, Bushman, will take what he doesn't want."

When I took a turn round to see if the men were comfortably settled for the night, I learnt that the skurried departure of the A.S.C. had provided them with unexampled opportunity of legitimate loot. There was one outbuilding crammed with blankets, shirts, socks, and underwear — and our men certainly rose to the occasion. Even the old wheeler chuckled when he discovered a brand-new saw and a drill. The sergeant-major fastened on to a gramophone; and that caused me for the first time to remember my Columbia graphophone that I had loaned to D Battery before I went home wounded from Zillebeke. Hang it, it must have been left behind at X——. The Germans had probably got it by now.

It was half-past twelve before the Colonel returned. "I'll have my camp-bed put up there," he said promptly, indicating an airy cart-shed, and he refused altogether to look at the empty cottage. So Bushman and I had beds made up in the tent, and then the three of us sat down to a welcome and memorable *al fresco* supper opposite our horse lines. Our table was a door balanced on a tree stump, and Meddings

provided a wonderful Lincolnshire pork-pie. He also managed hot potatoes as an extra surprise, and as it was our first set meal since 5.30 A.M. breakfast, there was a period of steady, quiet, happy munching. One cigarette, then the Colonel tucked himself up in his valise, and in three minutes was deep in his first sleep for three successive nights.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," I said to Bushman when we got in our tent. "I'm going to take my clothes off and put on pyjamas. You never know these days when you'll get another chance."

I had pulled off my jacket when I heard a jingling sound outside and French voices. Looking out, I saw a couple of troops of French cavalry picketing their tall leggy horses on the village green. I was just in time to rush out and prevent two troopers stabling their officers' chargers in the cart-shed where the Colonel was resting. They seemed startled when I whispered that it was "mon Colonel" who lay there, but they apologised with the politeness of their race, and I pointed out a much better stable higher up the street.

About 3 A.M. the piquet woke me to introduce an artillery officer with a Caledonian accent, who asked if I could tell him where a brigade I knew nothing at all about were quartered in the village. The next thing I remember was the Colonel's servant telling me the Colonel was up and wanted me immediately.

VIII.

5.30 A.M.: "No orders have reached me from Division yet," said the Colonel, shaving as he talked, his pocket mirror precariously poised on a six-inch nail stuck in one of the props that held up the roof of his cart-shed boudoir. "And I'm still waiting for reports from B and C that they've arrived at the positions I gave them on the orders sent out last night. I want you to go off and find the batteries. I will wait here for orders from Division. Have your breakfast first. You'll find the batteries somewhere along that contour," pointing with the little finger of the hand that held the safety razor to a 1/100,000th map on his bed.

Again I realised as I set out, followed by my groom, that the Boche had moved forward during the night. The village we had occupied at 11 P.M. was now within range of his guns. Two 5·9's dropped even at that moment within 200 yards of our horses. Moreover, I hadn't ridden far along the main street before I met some of our divisional infantry. A company commander told me that the French had come through and relieved them. His Brigadier had arrived at Q—— at 4 A.M. and was lying

down—in the white house at the corner. "The Boche gave us no rest at all last night," he went on. "He'd got two fresh divisions opposite us, and shoved up thousands of men after ten o'clock. We killed hundreds of 'em, but there was no stopping them. And aren't they hot with the machine-gun? They must have been specially trained for this sort of warfare. They snipe you at 700 yards as if the machine-gun were a rifle, and their infantry hasn't needed a barrage to prepare the way. There's so many of 'em."

I trotted on, and at the top of the street leading out of the village recognised a mounted orderly of the battery I had belonged to before coming to Brigade Headquarters. He was riding hard, but pulled up when he saw me and handed me a note, saying, "Major Bartlett sent me with this to Brigade Headquarters, sir."

I recognised the Brigade-Major's handwriting on an ordinary Army message form. It was a note stating that we were to remain in support of the French after our own divisional infantry had fallen back, but that the French Divisional General hoped to relieve our artillery by 9 A.M. We were to fire on certain points until that hour, and then withdraw to a village still farther south-west, and again co-operate with our own infantry.

"Do you know if Major Bartlett read this?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I saw him read it."

"Is the battery in action?"

"Yes, sir; they were firing when I came away."

Good! I knew then that Major Bartlett, on his own initiative, was acting on the instructions contained in the Brigade-Major's note, and that the other batteries would not be delayed in getting into action if I sent the note direct to the Colonel.

I took the orderly another quarter of a mile along the road, so that he could point out the nearest way to Major Bartlett's battery; and then told my groom to take him direct to the Colonel, after which they would rejoin me.

I found the Major in good fettle, and, as I had guessed, blazing off at the targets given by the B.M. As also he had passed on the orders to A Battery, who were three hundred yards away, we at any rate had two batteries in action. He explained to me that the Division despatch-rider had somehow failed to find Brigade Headquarters, but had come across him. He had got his battery into position at about two o'clock, and they had dossed down beside the guns.

The Major didn't know the whereabouts of the composite battery, so I got on my horse again and searched a village that was farther south, but on the same map-contour. Judge of my relief when I encountered Fentiman, who told me C and B would be along in ten minutes. I emphasised the

need for despatch, and he told me that the previous night his battery's waggon lines had been taken back farther than they should have been; the horses being thoroughly done, they had had a proper halt at midnight. "We'll be firing in twenty minutes," he added optimistically. "I'll dash along and work out the targets with Major Bartlett."

A couple of Horse Artillery batteries had come into action a quarter of a mile behind ours, and shells began to fly in the direction of the enemy in business-like fashion. From the ridge we looked into a village that sloped up again to a thick belt of trees three thousand yards in front of us and to blue distances away on the right. Down the slopes tiny blue figures could be seen feverishly throwing up earth; parties of twenty and thirty men, khaki-clad, every now and then emerged from the wood, and in single file dipped down to the valley and came towards the village I had just left. The problem would undoubtedly be how far the retirement would proceed before French reinforcements made the line massive enough for a proper stand. The Colonel was now with the batteries, checking their lines of fire, and telling battery commanders to do their damnedest until the French Artillery came along. My groom told me that the Colonel had had a very narrow escape as he passed through Q——. A shell dropped thirty yards from him, and a splinter had wounded his mare.

8.30 A.M.: The eternal machine-guns were spluttering devilishly in the wood opposite. Our infantry were coming back in larger numbers now, and I thought glumly of what the Brigade-Major had said the previous evening, "We are going to fight for this line." The Colonel had conferred with the Colonel of the Horse Artillery, who said that his orders were to pull out at 9.15, come what may. "The Corps are particularly anxious that no more guns should be lost." The veterinary sergeant of a Horse Artillery battery had dressed the Colonel's mare, although she was too excited for him to get the splinter out. "I think she deserves to have a wound stripe up," smiled the Colonel, who was exceedingly fond of her.

9 A.M.: No signs yet of the French artillery. There seemed to be a curious lull in the fighting. Only the Boche long-range guns were firing, and their shells were going well over our heads. And no more French infantry were coming up.

9.20 A.M.: The two Horse Artillery batteries were away. Our teams and limbers had come up, all except one team of B Battery. We waited for the Colonel to give the word.

Suddenly the "chug-chug-chug" of a motor-cycle: a despatch-rider from Division! The Colonel tore open the envelope. "A Battery . . . Limber-up and retire," he

ordered; "C and D will follow."

"The French artillery has been stopped," he explained shortly. "We are going to make the stand at ——, three miles farther back."

An officer of B Battery ran across to say that through the binoculars grey forms could be seen in the belt of trees opposite.

The Colonel's eyes gleamed. "Got any ammunition left after filling up the limbers?" he asked quickly.

"Yes, sir — about fifty rounds."

"Right; give it 'em, and then pull out at once."

The officer saluted and hurried off. The Colonel lighted a cigarette and stood under a tree. "One of the most difficult things to decide upon in war," he soliloquised, "is to know the exact moment at which to retire."

The sharp crack of B's 18-pdrs. firing fifty rounds as fast as the guns could be loaded. Then silence. Still no signs of the missing team of horses. A corporal went by at the gallop to find out what had happened.

The Colonel was now on the ridge searching the trees opposite with his glasses. Five guns had been limbered up. Every other battery had gone. The battery commander looked puzzled and annoyed. "The five guns that are ready can move off," said the Colonel calmly. "An officer is to wait here until the team arrives to take away the other gun."

Even as the five guns took the road the missing team and limber came out of the village.

"The off-leader had cast a shoe, and they had to send back for the farrier, sir," reported the corporal.

"Good," observed the Colonel, "but some of you fellows will have to remember that there's a war on, and put more 'nip' into your work."

IX.

11 A.M.: It needed cool counsels and a high and steadfast faith during the next twenty-four hours. The sunken track along which our own and other British Artillery Brigades were retreating was full of ruts and choked with dust, and we thanked our stars that the weather had held. That road churned into the mud-slime to which a few hours' rain could change it, would have become impassable for wheeled traffic. But the chief trouble was that the French "75's" coming up to relieve us had had to turn and go back the same way as ourselves. For the best part of a mile both sides of the narrow roads were occupied, and only patience, forbearance, and steady command eased the block. The Boche could not be far behind, and there was just a possibility that we might be trapped with little chance of putting up a fight. It was a

lovely day again, baking hot, and the birds were singing their gayest; but most of us felt savagely doleful. "I hope it *is* a strategic retreat," said Fentiman viciously, "but we've had no letters and no papers for days, and we know Blank All of what's going on. A strategic retreat is all right, but if the fellow behind follows you close enough to keep on kicking your tail hard all the time, you may retreat farther than you intend. When the Boche retreated last year we never got close enough to kick his tail—damn him."

Two welcome diversions! The road at the point we had now reached rose to the level of the stubble-fields, and three batteries of "75's," with much "*Hue*-ing" of the horses, pulled off the track and made across the fields to another roadway. At the same time the "heavies" woke up, and the sound of the big shells grunting through the air above our heads and on towards the enemy who pursued us was *très agréable*.

When we reached the village of P—— we found two brigades of our divisional infantry already there. Trenches were being dug, and our A Battery had pulled their six guns behind the mile-long ridge that ran southward from the village. The Colonel joined our Brigadier, who was conferring with the two Infantry Brigadiers and the G.S.O.I., and as a result of this war council, C Battery was ordered to continue the march and take up a reserve position on the next ridge, two miles farther back, south of the village of O——. B and D, the composite battery, would come into action alongside A.

Telephone lines were run out from the two batteries to look-out posts on the top of the ridge 700 yards away, and the Colonel ordered firing at the rate of one round a minute. Half a dozen "75" batteries were being loosed off with what always looks like gay abandon on the part of the French gunners. Young Bushman was whisked off to inform the Staff Captain, now at O——, of the batteries' new positions, so that ammunition supply should be kept up. We then awaited developments.

The view westwards from the P—— ridge that day provided one of the most picturesque panoramas of the retreat. The centre of P——, ridded the night before of its civilian inhabitants, was chock-a-block with troops and military traffic; and the straight road that led down into the valley, across the stream, and up again to O——, was a two-mile ribbon of blue and khaki, and waggons and lorries, and camp kitchens — sometimes moving, oh, so slowly! once at a standstill for over an hour. A long way to the right high rocks and thick masses of dark trees rose, aloof; below them, thousands of horses and hundreds of supply and ammunition waggons, some halted in lines, some making slowly across the valley towards O——. Directly in front of us more horses, more waggons.

A road at the foot of the valley wound away to the left and then round behind the O—— ridge. The valley would have served admirably for a field-day in home training.

The Colonel called Major Bullivant and pointed out that the stream at the bottom was crossed by only one bridge, that which the main road ran over. "If you are relying on that bridge for a withdrawal you will certainly be cut off. You'd better cut down some trees and make a bridge directly behind your battery. Of course, there's the road round by the left, but it will be best to have another way."

1 P.M.: A cavalry officer, hot and dusty, came up and said he had hurried back because some of our artillery fire was dropping dangerously near the French infantry. The Colonel and he made a joint inspection of maps, and the cavalry officer pointed out certain spots which we still held.

"That's all right," replied the Colonel. "My batteries are not firing on that part, but I will pass word round." And he sent me to some neighbouring batteries to explain and to warn.

An infantry runner came to ask the Colonel if he would go across to see the Infantry Brigadier. "More moving," said the Colonel when he returned. "We are to fall back on O—— now. Will you get back and see that telephone wire is brought up? You know where C Battery have gone; the other batteries will come into line with them. You can keep H.Q. waggon line just behind O——."

I rode off, accompanied by Beadle of A Battery, still dressed in overcoat and pyjamas. The stream of retreating traffic on the road between P—— and O—— was thicker than ever; the centre of O—— was as packed as a Fen village during a hiring fair; the Divisional horse-master, the C.R.E., and the D.A.Q.M.G. were among the officers trying to sort out the muddle; and in front of the Mairie, like a policeman on point duty, stood a perspiring Staff Captain. "That'll mean the Military Cross at least," grinned Beadle. "Life's very hard sometimes, isn't it?"

3 P.M.: The batteries were now in position on O—— ridge, and one Brigade of the Divisional Infantry had arrived and commenced to dig. "I must have turned up half France since we started this retreat," growled one swarthy private, resting on his pick. "And I was a navvy before the war, and joined up for a change."

I stood by the composite battery and saw four of the waggons come up with ammunition. They had had to climb a long, punishing slope over meadow-lands and orchards, and the last five hundred yards was across ploughed fields. The horses were blowing hard. "They've kept their condition well, considering the work they have had to do this last four days," remarked Dumble. "I hope the Supply Column won't fail us, though. The horses

want as much corn as they can get now."

"Well, the A.S.C. have had plenty of practice getting up supplies this last three years. They ought to be able to keep touch with us, however irregular our movements—and M'Klown is a pretty smart fellow," I answered.

"Rather amusing just now to recall that 'Truth' a short while ago was saying there were too many horses in the Field Artillery, isn't it?" went on Dumble. "They said one team a battery to pull the guns into position from off the road would be enough, and that motor-traction could do the rest. Never mind; the old horse has earned his keep these last few days, hasn't he?"

"Look here," he added, "come along with me and I'll show you a find. You're thirsty, aren't you?"

"I shall say a grand Amen if you offer me a drink," said I, taking a deep breath.

"Well, come along—there's a cellar full of cider in this house here. I've left a man in charge to see there's no hanky-panky. I'm giving my men some, but under surveillance. No one allowed more than a pint."

It was the coolest, best-tasting cider I have ever drunk, not too sweet, not too tart. A gunner tipped up the barrel and poured it into a dilapidated-looking enamelled mug. But how good it was! I quaffed half a pint at a gulp, and said "Rather!" when asked if I would have more.

"Glad you liked it," said Dumble. "I must confess that that was my third."

The General, suave, keen-eyed, and pleasant-spoken, came up with the Colonel and the Brigade-Major as we got back to the battery. The General spoke encouragingly to most of us, and told the subalterns that gunnery rules were as important in this sort of warfare as on the drill-ground. "But don't forget that a cool head and common-sense are as good assets as any," he added.

We were looking now from the O—— ridge towards the P—— ridge, which we had occupied in the forenoon,—another fine landscape with a vast plain to the right which was being keenly watched for enemy movement. My signalling-sergeant had run out a telephone line about 600 yards in front of the composite battery, and the General, the Colonel, and the Brigade-Major went along to the O.P. to see Major Bullivant register his guns on certain points where the General thought it likely the enemy would collect.

The report that our Brigade was to be relieved and our guns taken over by our companion brigade, who had lost practically all their guns on the 21st, became more than a report when Colonel —— and his battery commanders assembled to meet the General. One of the battery commanders, a new-comer to the Brigade, was a well-known golfer whom I had last seen fighting a most exciting match in the

1914 amateur championship at Sandwich. He laughed when he recognised me. "A bit of leave and a bit of golf would be a nice change now, eh? I'm afraid we shan't know what leave is for a long time, though. But do you know what I did the last time I was on leave and had a few rounds over my home course——?"

But the return of the General prevented my knowing the golf exploit he was going to tell me. The Colonel called me for further instructions.

"The —rd Brigade are taking over our guns to-morrow morning at 6.30," he said. "I shall stay here until then with General —— (the Infantry Brigadier). I'll keep young Bushman with me, and my groom with our horses. You had better remain at the waggon line and keep in touch with the battery waggon lines. Will you send up my British warm when you get back, some sandwiches for Bushman and myself, and my Thermos flask?"

The almost paralysing block of traffic between P—— and O—— had thinned out now. It was easy enough also to move along the road from O—— to N——, whither three hours ago I had despatched H.Q. waggons to get them out of the way. For two hours, also, there had been a marked cessation of hostile fire. And as I rode towards N—— I thought of those reports of big British successes at Ypres and at Cambrai. They seemed feasible enough. What if they were true, and what if the offensive on this front had been checked because of the happening north? It was a pleasant thought, and I rather hugged it.

Later there was grim proof that the lull merely meant that the Hun was bringing up his guns and putting in fresh divisions to buffet and press our tired worn men.

5 P.M.: When I reached N—— and sat down in a hayfield while my servant brought me a cup of tea and some bread and cheese, I gave my mind to a five minutes' reconstruction of the incidents and aspects of the last four days. It had all been so hurried, and each particular emergency had demanded such complete concentration, that it was more than difficult to realise that so short a time had elapsed since the German hordes began their rush. I longed to see a newspaper, to read a lucid and measured account of the mighty conflict in which our Brigade, the centre of my present work-a-day world, could only have played such a tiny part. I longed for a chance to let my friends in England know that all was well with me. However——

The Regimental Sergeant-Major had established the H.Q. horse lines in a roadside field just outside the village. I wouldn't let him unload the waggons, but the brigade-clerk, devout adherent of orderliness and routine, had already opened the brigade office in the first cottage on the right of the village street, while the cook was in possession next door. It was the first village we had

come to during the retreat, whence all the civilian inhabitants had not fled, and the cook talked of fresh eggs for breakfast. I shaved and had a scrub down, put on a clean collar, and gained a healthier outlook on life generally. I sent out the four cycle orderlies to scout around and find the battery waggon lines, which I knew were coming to this vicinity, and the A.S.C. Supply Officer rode up and discussed the best place for unloading the morrow's food and forage for the Brigade. This settled, I wrote out the formal information for the batteries, and then decided to stroll round the village before dinner. "I've got a rabbit for your dinner to-night, sir," called the cook from his kitchen door, "a fresh rabbit." So I promised to be back by 8 o'clock.

When I came back there was an awkward surprise. All our waggons had been shifted and a French heavy battery were hauling their howitzers up the incline that led from the road to the field. The senior French officer was polite but firm. He was sorry to disturb us, but this was the most suitable spot for his howitzers to fire from.

The sergeant-major asked me whether I would like to shift the horses to such-and-such a spot in the field, but I said "No" to that. "These guns will be firing all night, and the horses will be only thirty yards away from them. They'll have no rest whatever, and they want every minute they can get. No, the Brigade are coming out of action to-morrow morning. We'll shift our waggon line right away to the other side of the village. Saddle-up at once, and get away before it is dark. Move well away from the village while you are about it, and camp by the roadside."

The cook looked glum and said my rabbit was cooked to a turn. "Keep it for me until we get settled down again," I said. I posted a cycle orderly to wait at the spot we were leaving, so as to re-direct messengers arriving from Division or from the Colonel; the brigade-clerk asked to be allowed to stay behind until the three other orderlies returned from the batteries—he wouldn't feel justified in leaving before then, he assured me. It was 8.15 P.M. when our little procession headed by the sergeant-major passed through the village.

I had sent my horses on, and it was on the point of darkness when I strode through the village, some way behind the column. A few officers of a Pioneer battalion that was moving out any moment stood at open doorways, and a group of drivers waited near the bridge ready to harness up their mules. Three aged women dressed in faded black, one of them carrying a bird-cage, had come out of a cottage and walked with feeble ungainly step towards the bridge. A couple of ancient men, pushing wheel-barrows piled high with household goods, followed.

Out of the distance came the brooding whine of an approaching howitzer shell. A mighty

rush of air, a blinding flash, and an appalling crash. An 8-inch had fallen in the middle of the street.

A running to and fro; a heartrending, whimpering cry from one of the women; and groans and curses farther up the street. None of the poor terror-stricken old people were hurt, thank God! but three of the drivers had been hit and two mules killed outright. The men were quickly lifted into the shelter of the nearest house, and the civilian refugees took cover in a doorway just before the second shell tore a great rent in the village green on the other side of the bridge. Five shells fell in all, and an officer afterwards tried to persuade the old women to take a lift in a G.S. waggon that was about to start. But they refused to leave their men, who would not abandon the wheelbarrows. When I walked away the five were again beginning their slow hazardous pilgrimage to the next village.

11 P.M.: That night I lay rolled up in a blanket at the foot of a tree. The H.Q. waggon line was duly settled for the night when I arrived—horses "hayed-up" and most of the men asleep on the ground. The cook insisted on producing the boiled rabbit, and I ate it, sitting on the shaft of the mess cart. I arranged with the N.C.O. of the piquet to change the orderly posted at the spot we had left so hurriedly every two hours—it was only ten minutes' ride on a cycle—and kept another sentry on the watch for messengers who might come searching for us. It was again a beautiful clear night, with a resplendent moon; a few long-range shells whizzed over, but none near enough to worry us; a pioneer party worked right through the night, putting up a stout line of barbed wire that went within thirty yards of where I lay; retreating baggage-waggons, French and British, passed along the road; restless flashes along the eastern skyline showed our guns in active defence.

I cannot say that I slept. The ground was hard, and it got very cold about 2 A.M. I could hear the sergeant-major snoring comfortably on the straw palliasse he had managed to "commandeer" for himself. At about 3 A.M. my ear caught the "chug-chug" of a motor-cycle. It came nearer and then stopped, and I heard the rider and our sentry talking. I got up and found it was the Divisional Artillery signalling-officer.

"Rather important," he said, without preamble. "The General says it is essential to get all transport vehicles over the canal to-night. There's bound to be a hell of a crush in the morning. Headquarters R.A. will be at L—— by to-morrow morning, so I should move as far that way as you can. I've just come over the canal, and there are two ways of crossing from here. I think you'll find the K—— route the least crowded. The great thing is to hurry. I'm going to look for the Colonel now. I'll tell him you are moving."

We bade each other "Good night." While the horses were being hooked in, I scribbled an order explaining the situation, and instructing all battery waggon lines to move towards L—— at once. I knew that in view of the 6.30 A.M. relief by the —rd Brigade, horses would be sent up for the officers and men at the guns, and it was possible that the guns would now be brought back from the O—— ridge before that time. The Boche was clearly coming on once more.

Cycle-orderlies sped away with the notes, and I was sending a signaller on a cycle to tell the sentry posted at N—— to rejoin us, when I discovered that the brigade-clerk had not yet turned up. I told the signaller to send him along as well.

Two of the orderlies returned and reported that A and C Batteries had received my instructions and had started. With the return of the next orderly I explained where we were to go to the sergeant-major, and told him to move off. I would come along behind with the others.

To my astonishment the signaller and the sentry came back without the brigade-clerk. "Can't find him anywhere, sir," said the signaller. "Didn't you see him while you were there?" I asked the orderly who had been doing sentry. "No, sir. I saw no lights in that house where the office was, and there's no one there now."

This was something unexpected, not to say perturbing. I turned to one of the cycle-orderlies who stood by. "Go back and make a thorough search for Brierecliffe. Don't come back until you are satisfied he's not in the village. I'll wait here. You others, except one cyclist, go on and catch up the column."

A quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, half an hour! The orderly returned alone. "I can't find Brierecliffe, sir. I've been into every house in N——. He's not there."

I couldn't understand it. The amazingly conscientious, thoroughly correct, highly efficient Brierecliffe to be missing. "I can't wait any longer," I said, mounting my horse. "He's quite wide awake and should be all right. We'll get on."

X.

4 A.M.: For the best part of a mile my groom and I had the moonlit road to ourselves. We passed at the walk through the stone-flagged streets of M——, our horses' hoofs making clattering echoes in what might have been a dead city. Along the whole length of the tortuous main street were only two indications that there was life behind the closed doors and fastened shutters. Two French soldiers, leaning against a wall and talking, moved away as we rode up; then a door

banged, and all was quiet. Once, too, a cat ran stealthily across and startled my horse: I remember that distinctly, because it was the first cat I had seen since coming back to the fighting area.

At the junction, where the way from M—— joined the main road that ran parallel with the canal, stood a single British lorry. A grey-headed lieutenant, who was lighting a cigarette, came up when I hailed him, and told me our waggons had passed. He had pointed out the way, and they had gone to the left. "The first turning on the right after that will bring you to the bridge," he ended.

Our column was now moving along one of France's wonderful main roads — perfectly straight, tree-bordered, half its width laid with pavé. On either side good-sized villas, well-kept front gardens, "highly desirable residences" —comfortable happy homes a week before, now shattered, silent, deserted. The road as we followed it led direct to the battle-front.

We had gone a mile past the railway station, and were in open country, and had still to reach the first turning to the right. I asked the sergeant-major to trot ahead and let me know how much farther we had to go. "Over a mile yet, sir," was his report.

At last, however, a sign-post loomed up, and we struck right along a track that led over dreary waste lands. Before long we were forging through a damp clinging mist, that obviously came from the canal. Somewhere near the point towards which we were making, shells from a Boche big gun were exploding with dull heavy boomings. I sent the sergeant-major forward again, and he came back with the bewildering report, "We're on the wrong road, sir!"

"Wrong road!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"There are some French lorries in front, sir, and the sentry won't open the bridge gates to let them cross."

I felt puzzled and angered, and rode forward to question the French sentry. Half a dozen protesting lorry-drivers stood round him.

The bridge did lead to L——, he admitted, but it was only a light bridge, and he had orders to allow no military traffic over it. I became almost eloquent in describing the extreme lightness of my vehicles; but a *sous-officier* stepped out of a little hut and said he was sorry, but the orders were very strict, and he could not open the gates. The bridge we wanted was approached by the next turning to the right, off the main road. He assured me that it was a much better way, and, in any case, he couldn't open the gates.

There was nothing else for it: we made the long tedious journey back, out of the fog and into it again, and so got on the right track.

Weariness through lack of sleep and the dampness of the air made one feel chilly, and I got off my horse and walked. The horses stepped out mechanically; the men had lost

their chirpiness. There was a half-hour or so when I felt melancholy and depressed: the feeling of helplessness against the triumphant efficiency of the Boche got on one's nerves. Wasn't this talk of luring him on a myth? Why was he allowed to sweep forward at this overpowering pace, day after day, when each of our big advances had been limited to one hard, costly attack—and then stop? I quickened my step, and walked forward to where B Battery moved along the same road.

"Hullo, Dumble," I said. "You and D are running as separate batteries again, aren't you? How did you leave the cider-cellar?"

"We came back from there at about 5 P.M. There was a big discussion as to whether we should come farther back. The Colonel wanted to stay, and A Battery were in action there until four this morning. It was a Divisional decision that there should be a retirement to the next ridge. The poor old infantry were fed to the teeth. They'd sweated blood digging trenches all day on the O—— ridge, and then in the evening had to fall back and start digging again."

"Have you seen the Colonel?" I asked.

"He was still there with General —— when we came away. The —rd relieved us at 11 P.M., instead of first thing this morning; and we got down to N——, and had three hours' sleep, before your note arrived."

"Battery's pretty done, I suppose?"

"Well, it was just about time we came out of action. Men and horses would have been all-in in another day."

We crossed the fine broad canal, watched by the French soldiers guarding the bridge. Dumble was silent for some seconds, and then muttered, "You know, I hate to be coming back like this with the French looking on."

"Yes, I know," I replied,—"but they are good soldiers, and they understand."

"Yes—when I think of poor old Harville, and the fight he put up——" he broke off; and we trudged along.

"Do you know Harville always kept that speech of Beatty's in his pocket-book, that speech where he said England would have to be chastened and turn to a new way of life before we finished the war?" said Dumble later.

"Yes, he was like that—old Harville," I said quietly.

Over another bridge; and I still walked with Dumble at the head of his battery. There was a long wait while a line of French waggons moved out of our way. Some of the men were yawning with the sleepiness that comes from being cold as well as tired. We were now on the outskirts of a village that lay four miles from L——.

"What do you say if we stop at this place and go on after a rest?" said Dumble. I agreed.

I put Headquarter waggons and horses into an orchard, and found a straw loft where the men could lie down.

It was six in the morning, and I told the sergeant-major to have breakfast up at 7.30. There was a cottage opposite the orchard; some French soldiers were inside breakfasting. As I looked through the window I felt I would give anything for a sleep. The old housewife, a woman with a rosy Punch-like face, waited on the men. I asked her if she would let me have a room. She demurred a while, said everything was dirty and in disorder: the French *sous-officier* was not gone yet. Then I think she noticed how fagged I was. In two minutes my servant had brought my valise in. "I'm going to take my clothes off," I said, "but don't let me sleep after 7.30."

7.30 A.M.: I woke to find the sun streaming through the window. The booming of guns sounded nearer than before. I got off the bed and looked out. The fifty Headquarter men were breakfasting or smoking. Something prompted me: I had the feeling that we ought to leave the village at once. I shouted through the window for the sergeant-major. The column could be ready to move in a quarter of an hour, he answered. My servant brought me a change of boots and leggings, and I shaved. "Won't you wait and have breakfast, sir?" asked the sergeant-major. "No. Pack up everything; we'll get to L—— as soon as you are ready."

I went round to see Dumble before we started, but he said he wasn't going to hurry. "I'll let the men have a proper clean-up and leave about eleven," he decided.

The Headquarter column wound away from the village, and set out on a long smooth road that ran through a wood and edged away from the canal. Two miles from L—— we met the Brigade-Major. His tired eyes lighted up when he saw me. "What batteries have actually got over the canal?" he questioned. I told him that B were in the village I had just left. "D and A are coming round by the K—— bridge," he informed me. "I expect we shall send Headquarters and B on to F—— to get you out of the way—and give you some rest." And he nodded and rode on.

It looked as if the German rush was not expected to go much farther, for L—— was the first little town fully occupied by civilians that we had come to. Most of them were preparing to leave, and roomy French farm carts, piled high with curious medleys of mattresses, chairs and tables, clothing, carpets, kitchen utensils, clocks and pictures, kept moving off. But children played about the streets; girls stood and talked to French and British soldiers; and M. le Maire continued to function.

The Colonel, neat and unruffled, but pale with fatigue, stood waiting in the main thoroughfare as we came in. I informed him at once where I had left B Battery and what the Brigade-Major had mentioned. He told me he had remained with the Infantry

Brigadier until 6.30 A.M., the hour at which Colonel —— of the —rd had formally to relieve him; and he had only just crossed the canal. The infantry were still falling back. "I've lost Laneridge and my two horses," he added, shaking his head. "Laneridge missed me in the fog when I sent for him, and I'm half afraid he went towards the Hun lines. It was very puzzling to get your bearings up there this morning. I walked part of the way here and got a lift in a lorry."

9.30 A.M.: The Colonel had seen the C.R.A. and received instructions about continuing the march. We were going on another ten miles to the place which a week ago was to have become the rest area for Divisional Headquarters. I had come across a section of the D.A.C. who had arrived the night before and secured a billet, and they gave the Colonel and myself breakfast. I had discovered A Battery's mess in another cottage, every officer deep in a regular Rip Van Winkle slumber that told of long arrears of sleep. And I had been greatly cheered by the sudden appearance, mounted on a horse, of Brierecliffe, the missing brigade-clerk. He explained his absence. When one of the orderlies returned to N——, saying he couldn't find A Battery's waggon lines, the admirable Brierecliffe had retorted that they must be found, and he went in quest of them himself. Then when he heard the sudden order to cross the canal he had the common-sense to come along with A Battery.

Neither D Battery nor B Battery had yet arrived. The Colonel, having shaved, felt ready for the fray again, dictated the route-march orders, and told me to fix 11.30 A.M. as the time of starting. Fortunately, too, his horses and his groom had turned up. The traffic down the main street, with its old-fashioned plaster houses, its squat green doors, and the Mairie with its railed double-stone steps, was getting more congested. Infantry transport and French heavy guns were quickening their pace as they came through. The inhabitants were moving out in earnest now, not hurriedly, but losing no time. A group of hatless women stood haranguing on the Mairie steps; a good-looking girl, wearing high heels and bangles, unloaded a barrow-load of household goods into a van the Maire had provided, and hastened home with the barrow to fill it again; a sweet-faced old dame, sightless, bent with rheumatism, pathetic in her helpless resignation, sat on a wicker-chair outside her doorway, waiting for a farm cart to take her away: by her side, a wide-eyed solemn-faced little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, and trying bravely not to cry.

10.15 A.M.: The Colonel met me in the street; he had just come from seeing the C.R.A. again. "Better tell A and C Batteries to move off at once, A leading. Headquarters can

start as well. It will be best to get out of this place as quickly as possible. The enemy is coming on fast, and there will be an awkward crush shortly."

11 A.M.: The Boche machine-guns could be heard now as plainly as if they were fighting along the canal banks. A battery had marched out with their waggons, Headquarters behind them. I stood with the Colonel in the square to watch the whole brigade go through. Young Bushman had ridden off towards the canal to search for news of D Battery.

And now the first enemy shell: a swishing rush of air and a vicious crack—a 4·2 H.V. It fell two streets from us. Another and another followed. Shouts from behind! The drivers spurred their horses to a trot. Clouds of dust rose. Odd civilians alternately cowered against the wall, and ran panting for the open country, making frightened cries as each shell came over. A butcher's cart and a loaded market-cart got swept into the hurrying military traffic.

"I don't like this," muttered the Colonel, frowning. "It would be stupid to have a panic."

On the Mairie steps I could see M. le Maire ringing a hand-bell and shouting some sort of proclamation. With a certain dignity, and certainly with little apparent recognition that shells were falling close, he descended the steps and strode along the street and through the square, all the time determinedly shaking his bell. As he passed, I asked him gravely why he rang the bell. He stared over his glasses with astonishment, responded simply "Pour partir, m'sieur," and walked on, still ringing. A bizarre incident, but an instance of duty, highly conceived and carried out to the end.

A colonel of one of our Pioneer battalions rode by and hailed the Colonel. "We seem to be driving it pretty close," he said. "There's a lot more artillery to cross yet, and they are shelling the bridge hard. Which way do you go from here?"

"I've got two batteries to come, and I'm afraid one of 'em's still over the bridge," responded the Colonel. "We go to F—— from here."

11.30 A.M.: C Battery was passing now, with B not far behind. The stream of traffic making for beyond the town was continuous as ever, but the shelling had quietened, and the horses were kept at the walk. The Colonel stood and accepted the salutes of his batteries, and criticised points of turn-out and horse-mastership as though he were making an ordinary route-march inspection. And this, compelling them to think of something other than the physical dangers around and behind them, had its moral effect upon the men. They held themselves more erect, showed something of pride of regiment and race, and looked men fit and worthy to fight again.

Civilians were still hurrying

out of the town. A family passed us, the husband in his best suit of dull black, top-hat, and white tie and all, pushing a perambulator loaded with clothes, household ornaments, and cooking requisites, his three children dragging at their mother's skirts and weeping piteously. A fine-looking *vieillard*, with clean-cut waxen features and white-looking moustaches, who wore his brown velvet jacket and sombrero with an air, walked by erect and slow, taking what he could of his belongings on a wheel-barrow. Even the conjunction of the wheel-barrow could not prevent him looking dignified and resolute.

And a terrier and a young retriever, oblivious of the tragedy around them, gambolled up and down the Mairie steps and chased each other across the street.

12 noon: Bigger shells had begun to fall, and still D Battery had not come. The Colonel glanced at his watch. One shell came near enough to send a chimney-pot and some slates clattering to the ground, making a pair of water-cart horses plunge wildly; a French soldier was killed farther down the street. An officer cantered by and directed a Horse Artillery battery that had passed a few minutes before, and had a clear half-mile of road in front of it, to break into a trot. Voices in rear could be heard shouting to those in front to go faster. Two riderless, runaway wheelers, dragging a smashed limber-pole, raced after the Horse Artillery Battery. "I'm afraid we shall have to say Good-bye to D Battery," said the Colonel seriously.

I walked to the end of the square and looked down the road towards the canal. Dust rose in clouds, and straining horses still came on. Out of the welter I saw young Bushman's horse on the pathway coming towards me. "D Battery's all right," he shouted to me, and a minute later I heard him explaining to the Colonel.

"D Battery's over now, sir. It has been touch-and-go. Some Horse Artillery in front had a waggon hit, and that caused a stoppage; and there were a lot of other waggons in front as well. They are putting shells all round the bridge now, sir. D Battery have had two gunners wounded, but they are over now, sir."

D Battery came through at a trot, but the Colonel regarded their general appearance as soldierly. We remained in the square and saw the tail-end of their mess cart.

"And now," observed the Colonel, lighting a cigarette and noting the time, "we may as well gather our horses and get along ourselves."

"I feel very relieved about D Battery," he said five minutes later as we rode along; and he smiled for the first time for quite three hours.

XI.

1 P.M.: For some miles after leaving L—— it was retreat—rapid, undisguised, and yet with a plan. Thousands of men, scores of guns and transport vehicles, hundreds of civilians caught in the last rush, all struggling to evade the mighty pincer's clutch of the German masses who, day after day, were crushing our attempts to rally against their weight and fury. Unless collectedly, in order, and with intercommunications unbroken, we could pass behind the strong divisions hurrying to preserve the precious contact between French and British, we should be tripped. And when I say we, I mean the very large force of which our brigade formed one tiny part. Not even the Colonel knew much at this moment of the wider strategy that was being worked out. The plain and immediate task was to free the brigade, with its seven hundred odd men and its horses and waggons, from the welter of general traffic pouring on to the main roads, and bring it intact to the village that Division had fixed as our destination. And as we had now become a non-fighting body, a brigade of Field Artillery without guns, it was more than ever our business to get out of the way.

Our men found room for some of the aged civilians in motor-lorries and G.S. waggons; but I shall always remember one silver-haired dame who refused to be separated from the wheelbarrow, heaped up with her belongings, which she was pushing to K——, seven miles away. For some reason she would not allow a gunner to wheel the barrow for her. Poor obstinate old soul! I hope she got away; if she didn't, I trust the Boche was merciful.

The Colonel and I rode through a forest in order to catch up the batteries. As we emerged from the wood we came upon five brigades of cavalry—three French and two British—fresh as paint, magnificently mounted, ready and waiting. "The most cheering sight we've seen this morning," remarked the Colonel.

We came up with D Battery, and rode at their head. Despite the spurt to cross the canal, their turn-out was smart and soldierly, and there was satisfaction in the Colonel's quick, comprehensive glance. Through J——, another village from which the inhabitants had fled the day before, and past the outskirts of H——, with its grey cathedral and quaint tower. The evacuation here had been frantic, and we heard stories of pillage and looting and of hordes of drunken men—not, one is glad to say it, British soldiers. In all that galling, muddling week I did not see a single drunken soldier. As

we were near a considerable town I gave my groom twenty francs, and told him to buy what food he could: we might be very short by nightfall. He returned with some sardines, some tinned tunny fish, and a few biscuits, the sardines costing five francs a small tin. At one cross-road a dozen American Red Cross cars were drawn up, and I recall the alacrity of a middle-aged American doctor, wearing gold pince-nez, in hopping off his ambulance and snapshotting the Colonel at the head of the battery. I wondered bitterly whether that photograph would subsequently be published under the heading, "British Artillery in Retreat."

2.30 P.M.: The four batteries were now ranged alongside a railway siding at a point where the road by which we had journeyed joined one of the most important main roads in France. For several hours this great traffic artery had been packed with troops and transport moving to and from the battle-front. It was hot and dusty, and our men and horses were glad of the half-hour's halt, although the respite had only lasted so long because the traffic on the main route had been too continuous for us to turn on to it and reach the road fifty yards farther down along which we had to continue. Remembering a lesson of the Mons retreat emphasised by a Horse Artillery major lecturing at Larkhill—that his horses kept their condition because every time there was a forced halt near a village he despatched his gunners with the water-buckets—I had told my groom to search around until he found water for my two horses. Then I stood under the trees lining the main road and watched three battalions of French infantry march past, moving north of the part of the front our brigade had just left. They were older, smaller, more town-bred French soldiers than those we had seen during the two previous days, more spectacles among them, and a more abstracted expression. The thought came to me that here must be last-line reserves. Up on the steep hills that overlooked the railway siding bearded French troops were deepening trenches and strengthening barbed wire.

3 P.M.: We were anxious to get on now, and longed for a couple of City of London traffic policemen to stand in majestic and impartial control of these road junctions. The Colonel and Major Bullivant, after expostulating five minutes with a French major, had got our leading battery across. Then the long line of traffic on the main route resumed its apparently endless flow. An R.A.M.C. captain came out and stood by as I stationed myself opposite the road we wanted our three remaining batteries to turn down, watching to take quick advantage of the G in the first possible G A P. "Pretty lively here last night," volunteered the R.A.M.C. captain. "General scramble to get out, and some unusual sights.

There was a big ordnance store, and they hadn't enough lorries to get the stuff away, so they handed out all manner of goods to prevent them being wasted. The men got pretty well *carte blanche* in blankets, boots, and puttees, and you should have seen them carting off officers' shirts and underclothing. There was a lot of champagne going begging too, and hundreds of bottles were smashed to make sure the men had no chance of getting blind. And there was an old sapper colonel who made it his business to get hold of the stragglers. He kept at it about six hours, and bunged scores of wanderers into a prisoners-of-war cage; then he had 'em marched off to a collecting station. He was hot stuff, I can tell you."

A gap came at last on the main route, but something also that would dam the opening we had awaited for over an hour.

A tremendous line of French lorries was moving towards me on the road opposite. The French officer in charge had come forward to reconnoitre the crossing. Three British lorries, loading up, also stood on the road along which we wanted to go. If the French lorries reached that spot first, our batteries might be held up another hour. It was a moment for unscrupulous action. I told my groom to dash off and tell Major Bartlett to come along at the trot; then I slipped across and engaged the French captain in conversation. If I could prevent him signalling back for his lorries to quicken speed, all would be well. If Major Bartlett failed, there would be a most unholy mix up near the three stationary lorries. Major Bartlett responded nobly. His leading team reached the three lorries while the first French motor-waggon was still thirty yards away. The gap between the stationary lorry and the moving one narrowed to eight yards; but the waggon and six horses were through, and the battery now commanded the position with a line of horsed waggons and baggage-carts stretching back along the fifty yards of the main road, with A and D Batteries following in column of route past the railway siding. The line of French lorries extended back far as eye could see. The French officer turned sharply, cursed impatiently, and asserted volubly that his lorries must come through. I explained soothingly what a long time we had waited, and asked his forbearance. Meanwhile C Battery continued to trot through the gap, and I called Heaven to witness that the whole of our brigade would be through and away before ten minutes passed. I ran back to urge A and D Batteries to keep up the pace. When our very last water-cart, mess-cart, and G.S. waggon had passed, I thanked the French officer with great sincerity, and felt I had done a proper job of work.

4.30 P.M.: We sat by the

roadside eating bread-and-cheese — the Colonel, young Bushman, and I. The batteries were well on the way to their destination; and we three, jogging along in rear, had encountered Bombardier M'Donald, triumphant at having filled his forage and rations waggon for yet another day. So we and our grooms helped ourselves to bread-and-cheese and satisfied hefty appetites, and drank the cider with which Bushman had filled his flask at O—— the day before.

Another of the mournful side-spectacles of the retreat was being enacted under our eyes. Opposite a small cottage a cart packed to a great height, but marvellously balanced on its two huge wheels, stood ready to move off. A wrinkled sad-eyed woman, perched on top, held beside her her grandchild — a silent, wondering little girl. A darkly handsome, strongly-built daughter had tied a cow to the back of the cart. A bent old man began to lead the wide-backed Percheron mare that was yoked to the shafts with the mixture of straps and bits of rope that French farm folk find does well enough for harness. But the cow, bellowing in an abandonment of grief, tugged backwards, and the cart did not move. The daughter, proud-eyed, self-reliant, explained that the cow was calling for her calf. The calf would never be able to make the journey, and they had been compelled to sell it, and it would be killed for food. It was hard, but it was war.

They tried again; but the cow refused to be comforted, and tugged until the rope threatened to strangle her. They brought the calf out again and tied him alongside his now pacified mother; but this time, when the cart moved forward, he protested in fear and bewilderment, and tried to drag himself free. The cart was still there when we rode off.

Our way ran through a noble stretch of hilly country, well wooded, with sparkling streams plashing down the hillsides — a landscape of uninhabited quiet. Two aeroplanes droned overhead — the first Allied planes we had seen since the retreat began. "The old French line," observed the Colonel later, pointing out a wide system of well-planned trenches, deep dug-outs, and broad belts of rusted barbed wire. "The Boche ought not to get through here."

Up and over a hill, and down into a tiny hamlet which more stricken civilians were preparing to leave. As our little cavalcade drew near, a shrinking old woman, standing in a doorway, drew a frightened little girl towards her, and held a hand over the child's eyes. "I believe they took us to be Germans at first," said the Colonel when we had passed.

In another village a woman was trying to make a cow pull a heavily-laden waggon up the

hill. With streaming eyes and piteous gestures she besought us to assist with our horses. She would pay us money. Twice before she had lost everything through the Boche, she pleaded. The Colonel looked grieved, but shook his head. "We'll send back a pair of draught horses if we can," was all he said to me. And we did.

6 P.M.: We had reached F——, a hillside village that had thought never to be threatened by the Germans again. Dwellings damaged during their last visit which had been repaired. New houses made of fine white stone, quarried in the district, had been built, and were building. The bitterness of it if the foul devastating Boche were to come again! There were many evidences of the hurried flight of the last two days,—torn letters and papers, unswept fire-grates, unconsumed food and drinks, beds with sheets in them, drawers hurriedly searched for articles that could be taken away, disconsolate wandering dogs. A few days before it had been arranged that the Major-General, his Divisional Staff, Ordnance, the Divisional brass band, and all the usual appurtenances of a Divisional Headquarters, should come and make this village a Divisional rest area. Few even of the first preparations for visitation were left now. D.A.D.O.S., blue-tabbed and business-like, was in the main street, bewailing the scarcity of lorries for removing his wares to an area still farther back. He had several rifles he would be pleased to hand out to our batteries. There was a large quantity of clothing which would have to be left in the store he had established. Any we didn't want would we burn, or drop in the stream before we left? No lorry to remove the Divisional canteen. Would we distribute the supplies free to our men? Biscuits, chocolate, potted meats, tooth-paste, and cigarettes went like wild-fire.

Brigade H.Q. mess was installed in a new house that had chalked messages scrawled on doors, walls, and mirrors, telling searching relations and friends the address in a distant town to which the occupants of the house had fled. In another dwelling that Boche aeroplanes had already bombed, we discovered sleeping quarters. At 7 P.M. a lieutenant on a motor-cycle arrived with Corps orders for the morrow. We were to leave for D—— immediately the tactical situation demanded it.

We dined early, and sought our beds early too. I had been asleep two minutes, as I thought—really about an hour and a half—when Dumble woke me up. "Cavalry are coming through," he said, shining his electric torch right in my eyes, "and they say the enemy is at E——. Hadn't you better let the Colonel know?"

"No," I retorted with some asperity.

"But listen; can you hear all that traffic? It's our infantry coming back."

"Can you hear machine-gun fire?" I asked resentfully.

"No."

"Well, I'm damned if I disturb the Colonel until you can tell me that, at least," I said finally, turning on my right side.

XII.

The usual monotonous spectacle when we woke next morning: the narrow streets of what a few days before had been a tranquil, out-of-the-war village choked with worn-out troops marching to go into rest. Now that we had become a brigade of artillery without guns, a British non-fighting unit struggling to get out of the way of a manœuvring French army, our one great hope was that Corps would send us right back to a depot where we could refit ourselves with fresh guns and reinforcements, and to some spot where we need not be wondering every five minutes whether the enemy was at our heels. Men who have fought four days and nights on end feel like that when the strain of actual battle ceases.

The Boche guns sounded nearer, and the Colonel had ordered a mounted officer to go back and seek definite information upon the situation. By 10 A.M. a retiring French battalion marched through, and reported that the line was again being withdrawn. By 11 A.M. two batteries of "75's" came back. That decided the Colonel that the tactical situation demanded our departure, and the brigade began the march to E——. On past more evacuated villages. Abandoned farm carts—some of which our batteries eagerly adopted for transporting stores and kit—and the carcases of dogs, shot or poisoned, lying by the roadside, told their own story of the rush from the Hun. By 1 P.M. we reached E——, a medieval town whose gable-ends and belfry towers, and straight rows of hoary lime-trees, breathed the grace and charm of the real France. I made immediately for the Mairie, bent upon securing billets for officers and men; but standing at the gateway was a corps despatch-rider who handed over instructions for the brigade to continue the march to D——, a town 20 kilometres distant.

5 P.M.: D——, to which I rode in advance with a billeting officer from each battery, proved to be a drab smoky town of mean-looking, jerry-built houses. One thought instinctively of the grimiest parts of Lancashire and the Five Towns. The wide and interminably long main street was filled with dust-laden big guns and heavy hows., four rows of them. Every retreating division in France seemed to be arriving and to be bringing more dust. Hundreds of refugees from villages now in Boche possession had come, too. What a place to be sent to! It was useless looking for billets, so I fixed upon a vast field on the outskirts of the

town where we could establish our horse lines and pitch tents and bivouacs. This was satisfactory enough, but the watering problem was bound to be difficult. Four small pumps in the main street and one tiny brackish pond totalled the facilities. It would take each battery an hour and a half to water its horses. "Corps moves in most mysterious ways," crooned Stone. "Why did they send us here?" We rode and walked until we were tired, but found nothing that would improve matters. Then Fentiman, Stone, and I found the Café de la Place, and entered the "Officers only" room, where we sat down to a bottle of wine and devoured the Continental 'Daily Mail' of March 23, the first paper we had seen since starting the retreat. Madame informed us that some officers of Divisional Headquarters had turned up the day before and were dining there. As we went out to go and meet the batteries and lead them to the waggon lines, there was a shout of recognition, and "Swiffy" and the little American doctor ran up, grinning and rather shame-faced. "We thought of posting you as deserters," I said with pretended seriousness, "not having seen you since the afternoon of the 23rd." It was now the 26th. They narrated a long and somewhat sheepish story that, boiled down, told of a barn that promised a sound afternoon's nap, an awakening to find every one vanished; then a worried and wearied tramp in search of us, with nothing to eat except what they could beg or buy at ruinous prices; one perturbing two hours when they found themselves walking into the arms of the oncoming Hun; and finally, a confirmed resolve never to stray far from the Brigade mess cart again.

7 P.M.: When the batteries were settled in their waggon lines, I led the Colonel and "Swiffy" and the doctor through the crowded dusty streets into the Café de la Place. The restaurant was filled with French and British officers. "Swiffy" insisted on cracking a bottle of champagne to celebrate the return of the doctor and himself to the fold; then I spotted Ronny Hertford, the Divisional salvage officer, who was full of talk and good cheer, and said he had got his news from the new G.S.O.II., who had just come from England, travelling with a certain politician. "It's all right, old boy," bubbled Ronny. 'The War Office is quite calm about it now; we've got 'em stone-cold. Foch is in supreme command, and there are any number of divisions in reserve which haven't been called on. We're only waiting to know if this is the real push, or only a feint, and then we strike. We've got 'em trapped, old top, no doubt about that."

"Right-o, strategist!" I retorted in the same vein.

"Do you want to buy a calf, old boy?" he switched off. "Look here; there's one under the table. About 110 lbs. of meat at 3 francs a pound. Dirt cheap these times. A Frenchman has left it with Madame

to sell. We'd buy it for our mess, but we've got a goose for dinner to-night. Stay and dine with us, old boy."

Through the glass door that showed into the café one saw a little group of civilians, dressed in their Sunday black, waiting for carts to take them from the town. A mother was suckling a wailing child. An old cripple nodded his head helplessly over hands propped up by his stick. A smart young French soldier came in at the door, and Madame's fair-haired daughter rushed to his arms and held him while she wept. They talked fast, and the civilians listened with strained faces. "Her fiancé," quietly explained an interpreter who came through the café to join us in the "Officers only" room. "He's just come from —— with a motor-transport. He says he was fired at by machine-guns, which shows that the Boche is still coming on."

The Camp Commandant of the Division, nervously business-like, the Baths' Officer, D.A.D.O.S., and a couple of padres came in. The Camp Commandant refused to hear of the Colonel sleeping in a tent. "We've got a big dormitory at the back here, sir—thirty wire-beds. We can put all your Brigade Headquarter officers up." The Colonel protested that we should be quite happy in bivouacs, but he was overruled.

We dined in a tent in the waggon lines. As I made my way there I noticed a blue-painted motor-van, a mobile French wireless station, some distance away in the fields. What really caught my eye when I drew near it was a couple of Camembert cheeses, unopened and unguarded, on the driver's seat. I bethought myself that the operator inside the van might be persuaded to sell one of the cheeses. He wasn't, but he was extremely agreeable, and showed me the evening *communiqué* that had just been "ticked" through. We became friends, which explains why for three days I was able to inform the Camp Commandant, Ronny Hertford, and all their party, of the latest happenings at the Front, hours before the French newspapers and the Continental 'Daily Mail' arrived.

And what do you think the men of two of our batteries were doing an hour after the camps were pitched and the horses watered?—playing a football match! Marvellous fellows!

We stayed at D—— until the evening of the 28th, days of gossip and of fairly confident expectations, for we knew now that the Boche's first offensive was held—but a time of waiting and of wondering where we were to be sent next. Division was nearly thirty miles away, incorporated with the French Army, and still fighting, while Corps seemed to have forgotten that we needed supplies. Still there was no need to worry about food and forage. E—— was an important rail-head, and the Supply Officer seemed anxious to get his stores distributed as soon as they came in: he was prepared to treat most comers as famine-stricken

stragglers. Besides, near the station stood an enormous granary, filled to the brim, simply waiting to be requisitioned.

About noon on the 28th we were very cast down by the news that, to meet the demand for reinforcements, the Brigade might be disbanded, and the gunners hurried off in driblets, to make up losses on various parts of our particular Army's front.

The Colonel had instructions to attend a Staff Conference in the afternoon, and each battery was ordered to prepare a list of its available gunners.

There were sore hearts that afternoon. Many of the men had been with the Brigade since it was formed, and to be scattered broadcast after doing well, and coming through a time of stress and danger together, would knock the spirit out of every one. The Colonel came back at tea-time, impassive, walking briskly. I knew before he opened his lips that the Brigade was saved. "We move to-night to C——. We are going on to B—— to refit," was all he said.

. . . . . .

Every one was anxious to be off, fearing that the Staff might change its mind. It rained in torrents that night, and owing to the Corps' failure to map out proper accommodation arrangements, we slept anyhow and anywhere, but no one minded much. The Brigade was still in being, and nothing else mattered. I could tell many stories of the next few days—marching and billeting and getting ready for action again; of the village that no English troops had visited before, and the inhabitants that feared us, and afterwards did not want us to leave; of the friendly bearded patron of an estaminet, who flourished an 'Echo de Paris,' and pointed to the words *ténacité anglaise* in an account of the fighting; of the return of the signalling officer, who, while attending a course at an Army School, had been roped in to lead one of Sandeman Carey's infantry platoons; of the magnificently equipped casualty clearing station that a week before the offensive had been twenty-five miles behind the lines, and only got its last patients away two hours before the Boches arrived!

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April 2nd: A few more new guns had come in from the Refitting Depot. We were almost complete to establishment. The horses were out grazing and getting fat again. Most of the men were hard at it, playing their eternal football. The Colonel came out of the château, which was Brigade Headquarters billet, and settled himself in a deck-chair. He looked sun-tanned and fit.

"If all Colonels were as competent and knowledgeable as our Colonel, we should have won the war by now," said Dumble as he and I walked away. "What a beautiful day."

"Yes. Oh to be in England, now that April's here," I chimed in.

"Oh, to be in England any bally old time of the year," Dumble corrected me.

A FORGOTTEN CAPITAL OF THE NEAR EAST.

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. C. LUKACH, R.N.V.R.

BETWEEN the Kyrenia Mountains, which form, as it were, the northern sea-wall of Cyprus, and the mountainous mass in the south-west of the island culminating in Mount Troödos or Olympus, lies an unwooded but extremely fertile plain. This plain, on account of its geographical situation, bears the name of Mesaoria, "between the mountains," and stretches from Famagusta in the east to the bay of Morphou in the west. Apart from occasional plantations and from groves of olives beside some of the larger villages, the Mesaoria is entirely treeless; and in summer, after the crops have been harvested, it has a dreary and barren air when seen from mountains clad with fir. Yet in truth it is anything but barren. It is the granary of Cyprus, very fruitful in wheat and barley; and even in autumn, when the rivers are dry and the sun has scorched it to a dusty brown, the glorious skyline of the Kyrenia range, fantastically serrated, relieves it of the reproach of ugliness and desolation.

In the middle of this plain lies the capital of Cyprus, Nicosia, despite the fact that the capitals of islands do not generally lie inland. Nor has Nicosia always held that position. After Cyprus was united into a single state, both Paphos and Salamis preceded her in the distinction; and it was not until the advent of the Lusignans that she rose to pre-eminence over the other Cypriote towns. She then became, and for the ensuing three centuries remained, the capital of the most picturesque dynasty and most brilliant kingdom of the Latin East; and in this period, whence date her principal monuments, acquired the primacy which she has since retained. The Venetian senator Diedo describes her at the height of her prosperity as "a city famed as a fortress, glorying in her buildings, and widely known for her riches. Her happy position, her pleasant climate, the gifts showered on her by nature, the added charms of art, had given her a place among the fairest, strongest, and most renowned cities of Europe."[1]

The peculiar charm possessed by the remnants of the Latin East, that East which has witnessed the rule of Crusading knights and the splendour of Frankish merchant princes, is of a rare and subtle kind, the offspring of oriental nature and medieval western art. It lies —if the attempt to define so elusive a thing may be permitted—in Gothic architecture blending with Saracenic be-

[1] 'Storia della Repubblica di Venezia, Venice, 1751.

neath a Mediterranean sky, in the courts of ruined castles overgrown with deep green cypresses, in date-palms rearing their stately crowns above some abbey's traceried cloisters, in emblazoned flamboyant mansions illumined, as they could never be in the West, by the golden haze of the Levant. The most compact relic of the Latin East is Rhodes—Rhodes whose fortifications, one of the mightiest monuments which medieval military art has produced, enclose what has been said to be the most perfect specimen extant of a fifteenth-century French town. And happily, though the Latin East is disappearing amid the upheavals of recent years, the glories of Rhodes are likely to be endowed with a new lease of life. Italy's national device, the letters F.E.R.T., mysterious emblem of the Annunziata, are generally held to represent the words *fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit;* and the Italians of to-day, mindful of the exploits of the Langue of Italy in Carian waters and Carian isles, are carefully preserving throughout the Dodecanese the traces of the great Order, to whose renown their forebears contributed their share. In Syria there survives nothing so well preserved as Rhodes; but the vestiges of the Crusading principalities have not yet vanished completely. There is the town of Tartus, growing out of the Crusading castle of Tortosa like Spalato out of Diocletian's palace. There are the Hospitallers' mighty fortresses of Safita and Merqab and Krak des Chevaliers, the latter now the capital of a district under the name of Qal'at el-Hosn. There are the castles of Belvoir and Blanchegarde, Baniyas and Sahioun, Château Pélerin and La Pierre du Desert, testifying even in their decay to the skill and vigour of their builders.

Less military than the *châteaux-forts* of Syria, more domestic, too, than the knightly stronghold of Rhodes, Nicosia probably is still, despite the changes and accretions of recent years, the most typical example of a Latin Eastern town. If you approach it from the south by the Larnaca road, it is hidden from sight until you are within a mile or two of it by intervening ridges of hill. Then, when you have topped the rise, whence in 1570 the Turks launched their last successful assault, there is suddenly revealed to you, lying in a little hollow, what seems to be a city of dreams. Like Damascus as seen in springtime from the eastern slopes of Hermon, a white city girt in a belt of brilliant verdure, so is Nicosia engarlanded in green, in a cincture of pine, cypress, and eucalyptus, growing from the medieval fosse by which it is encompassed. No longer flooded with the waters of the Pedias, when, after the winter rains, that mountain torrent tumbles headlong from the hills above Machaera, the moat of Nicosia has become a flourishing plantation, a delightful bower for the walls and for the city within them. Above the trees, as you look from the ridge, appear

the Venetian ramparts, a perfect circle, with their eleven bastions set at regular intervals. Enclosed by this double ring of green trees and golden-brown masonry lies Nicosia, a medley of churches and mosques, of medieval palaces and Turkish qonaqs, of date-palms and orange groves, Gothic turrets and Saracenic minarets. Precisely in the middle of the town stands its noblest and most arresting monument, S. Sophia, once the cathedral of the Lusignan kings and now the principal mosque of Cyprus. Harmonious in its proportions and beautiful in its details, this glorious building dominates not only the town but the entire vicinity; while its twin minarets that rise, slender and graceful, from two unfinished Gothic towers, embody in this combination the very essence of the Latin East.

It happens only too often that towns, which at a distance wear the beauty of enchantment, surrender something, at any rate, of that beauty on closer acquaintance. The charm of the *ensemble* is dissolved by propinquity; sordid details, unobserved from afar, obtrude themselves on approach with vexing persistence. The latter, moreover, being of ruder stuff, produce the more enduring effect, shattering the delicate illusion of the distant view, all too fragile to be re-created. Happily Nicosia is one of those rare places where anticipations may be realised to the full. Cross the mile or so which still separates you from the walls, and you find yourself at the Caraffa bastion, beside which the Porta Giuliana,[1] or Famagusta Gate, a deep and vaulted gallery, yawns cavernous and black. Plunge by means of this tunnel — as romantic an entrance to a city as you could wish to see—through the thicknesses of the ramparts, and you emerge in the most picturesque of towns, filled with folk as picturesque as itself. Orthodox peasants from neighbouring villages, in top-boots and baggy breeches, are driving in their donkeys, laden with bales of fragrant *throumbi*[2] for sale in the bazaars. Long-haired cassocked priests are sitting under the trellis of a coffee-shop, pulling vigorously at their narghilés. Turkish ladies, heavily veiled, pick their way daintily across the muddy streets; others look down from projecting balconies of lattice, which the Turks call *shahnishin*, "the place for the king to sit." Elderly khojas, in fur-lined gowns and white turbans, pass solemnly by, fingering the *tessbih*, or conversation beads, which hang like rosaries from their wrists. Grave Turkish merchants squat cross-legged

[1] Named after Giulio Savorgnano, the celebrated Venetian, who designed the fortifications of Nicosia.

[2] The dried leaves of the wild thyme, much used in Cyprus for kindling fires.

in their booths, seemingly indifferent to the prospects of a deal. And so, through tortuous streets alive with motley crowds, you wander on, lighting, as you pass, on many a sculptured fragment on porch, cornice, and coat-of-arms, once parts of some Lusignan or Venetian mansion. Finally you reach the heart of the town and the constellation of medieval monuments which is grouped around S. Sophia.

For a detailed architectural description of S. Sophia, the reader is referred to Monsieur Camille Enlart's 'L'Art Gothique et la Renaissance en Chypre,'[1] a work indispensable to those interested in the medieval glories of the island. Nicosia's Lusignan cathedral is of much more than local eminence: as a product of the best French work of the thirteenth century, it claims the attention of every student of Gothic architecture. Begun, it is generally assumed, in 1209, probably on the site of an earlier building, much advanced through the munificence of S. Louis during his sojourn in Nicosia in 1248, consecrated in 1326, and never wholly completed, this cathedral, in the purest style of the Ile de France, remains, despite its chequered history, one of the noblest productions of the Latin East. The fact that it has been a mosque for three and a half centuries has done little, if anything, to detract from its beauties, while it has certainly averted the ruin which would otherwise have overtaken it, as it has overtaken countless Crusading churches not diverted to the use of the Moslem conquerors. It is true that the *mihrab*, which is built into the south transept to face Mecca, gives a slightly twisted appearance to the interior, but this does not destroy the impressive lines of the vaulting, or the building's striking proportions. The whitewash on the walls is far from unpleasing in these latitudes; the plain shields bearing the names of Allah, Mohammed, and the first four Khalifs are in harmony with the severity of the decoration. The very remarkable narthex, with its sculptured panels of Pentelic marble, remains as it was when built by Archbishop John de Polo in 1326. The Cypriote Turk is the most tolerant of men — he has retained the Christian appellation of his principal mosque, and he attends the Anglican Church on the King's birthday,—and at Bairam or the Night of Power, or other great festival, Christian visitors are invited to witness the ceremonies in S. Sophia from the women's gallery. Carpets and rugs, some of considerable beauty, are then laid out in line with the *mihrab*, the chandeliers are ablaze with a thousand lights, and the spectacle afforded by the rhythmic prostrations of the congregation in these surroundings is

[1] Paris, 1899.

probably not less dignified than was a function in the days of the Lusignans.

S. Sophia is a gem, and it rests in a worthy setting. Facing its north door are the remains of the Palace of the Latin Archbishops, now the charming residence of an English lady. To the east is the *buyük medresé*, or principal seminary of the Turks, whose library of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts — admirable specimens of Oriental caligraphy — is a haunt of ancient peace. Off the south-east corner, where S. Sophia throws a flying buttress across the road, stands a well-preserved fourteenth-century house, perhaps the medieval Deanery. To the south, opposite the narthex, is the Church of S. Nicholas of the English — architecturally a pleasing mixture of early and late Gothic, with traces of Byzantine and Renaissance influences, and historically of especial interest to Englishmen. This church owes its name to the fact that it was the home in Cyprus of the English knightly Order of S. Thomas of Acre, founded during the Third Crusade in honour of Thomas à Becket. In 1570 it fell into the hands of the Turks, who call it the Bezestan (cotton market), and use it as a grain store; but it is kept in repair by the Department of Evqaf (Moslem Pious Foundations), and has lost few of its essential features. Its three beautiful northern doors make it a worthy pendant to S. Sophia, only divided from it by the width of the road.

From the roof of S. Sophia, a forest of delicate buttresses and tapering finials, you enjoy a wide view over the churches and palaces and mosques of Nicosia. The Archbishop's Palace, the Deanery, and S. Nicholas are at your feet. To the south rises the 'Omerieh Mosque, the Augustinian Church of Latin times, rich in tombstones of Frankish knights and ladies. In the west there appears the white dome of the Arab Ahmed Mosque, where a hair of the Prophet's beard is preserved in a casket of mother-of-pearl, and is shown to the faithful once a year. Only a few hundred yards to the north you see, as if etched against the Kyrenia Mountains, the slender traceries of the Church of S. Katharine, now the Haidar Pasha Mosque, the most graceful and perfect of the Gothic buildings of Cyprus. You realise also from this height what is not evident below — namely, that every house in Nicosia, however small, has its garden, hidden from the street by high walls of sun-dried mud bricks. From your eminence you see the town as a chequer-board of white and green; with towers and minarets for kings and queens, and the domes of mosques and Turkish baths for the lowlier pawns. And from the green squares there rises to meet you the heavy perfume of orange blossom, and the scent of jonquils and other wild flowers that are one of the joys of spring in Cyprus; from the

white, in winter time, when cold breezes from Taurus or snow-laden Olympus blow across the Messaoria, the smoke of burning olive-wood, like incense faintly blue, mounts slowly upwards in fragrant coils.

Not far from S. Sophia are the bazaars of Nicosia, a network of narrow lanes, either vaulted or covered with matting or trellised vines. Here, as in other eastern towns, each trade has its separate street. You pass from a lane resounding with the blows of the coppersmiths to the silent quilt-makers' bazaar; thence through the slipper-makers' and grocers' streets to the booths of the sweetmeat-sellers, and to the street of the silversmiths, which ends at S. Nicholas of the English. The bazaars are full of life and colour, and the grocers' street in particular is crowded with people in every variety of dress, jostling and struggling to secure their tomatoes and egg-plants and colocass[1] and fruit. Here and there the traffic is diverted by the *türbé*, or tomb, of some Moslem worthy, lying across the road under the shade of a fig-tree, immutably preserved in mortmain. Occasionally the tinkle of bells announces the passage of a string of camels, and the crowd parts with difficulty to allow these truly Oriental beasts to rumble by, swaying gently from side to side. Many an arch reveals glimpses of spacious *khans*, where villagers find shelter for themselves and their animals when they come to the capital with their wares. "Sometimes in the crowded bazaar," says Mallock in one of the most eloquent chapters of 'In an Enchanted Island,' "the eye would suddenly catch the crags of the far-off mountains; and constantly in some narrow, shadowy street, where the tops of the houses were black with their projecting roofs, I stood arrested by the sight of the blue sky at the end of it—an oblong of *lapis lazuli* inlaid with a dark cypress tree."

Long may the ancient charm of Nicosia prevail against the indifference and iconoclasm of her citizens, grown rich through the war, and desirous of new lamps for old.

Although the majority in Nicosia's population of 17,000 souls has now passed to the Orthodox, the town retains, where it is not Gothic, much of the Turkish character which three centuries of Turkish rule had impressed upon it. For reasons which will be stated later, the Orthodox, until recently, have kept architecturally in the background. Their churches are low, and are built in inconspicuous

[1] The colocass (*Colocasia antiquorum*) is the vegetable known in South Africa as the "elephant plant." Of the egg-plant or *aubergine*, mixed with onions, the Turks make an excellent stew known as *Imam bayildi*, which means "the Imam fainted." The name implies that the Imam, on first tasting the dish, fainted with joy at its deliciousness. According to another derivation, however, the Imam, who was a parsimonious soul, fainted with grief on observing the amount of butter which his wife had lavished upon the stew.

places; their bells are seldom tolled, while the muezzin's mournful but melodious cadence floats down from a score of minarets five times in the twenty-four hours. On Moslem festivals, such as the two Bairams and Mevlid, the Prophet's birthday, the atmosphere of Nicosia is more Turkish even than usual. The arrival of the feast is announced on its eve by the firing of salutes from the walls, and Turks in holiday attire begin to fill the streets. The dress of the Turkish countryman of Cyprus is perhaps the most attractive of all Turkish costumes; alas, that town-bred Turkish boys of the younger generation, even those of the peasant class, are beginning to discard it in their foolish ambition to garb themselves *alla franca*. Stockings of brilliant hue, embellished with birds or equally startling devices; short knee-breeches of dazzling white, immensely baggy; a *qawush-durmá*, or tightly-fitting sleeved jacket of magenta, yellow, or apple-green velvet, and a silken scarf of many colours wound about the waist, constitute the equipment; villagers often add a flowered muslin handkerchief, worn round the base of the fez. Sometimes men of a certain substance wear breeches of heavy blue broadcloth (*shalwar*) instead of the white *vraka*, and a *yelek*, or double-breasted embroidered waistcoat, in the place of the *qawushdurmá*. On these days, too, the Turkish women abandon their habitual black or white cotton *charshaf*[1] for the brightest of silks, as they gather on the ramparts by the Paphos Gate to watch the *jerid* match in the moat below. On such an occasion as this the sight that meets the eye of a spectator on the Roccas bastion is of a picturesqueness not often to be found in these days. In the moat, in the space bounded by two well-preserved Venetian bastions, two teams of zaptiehs (military police), mounted on their small but spirited ponies, are competing in the ancient Persian game of javelin-throwing, for all the world like medieval knights jousting at a tourney. The ramparts themselves, from bastion to bastion, are lined with serried rows of Turkish ladies, a brilliant splash of blue and crimson, orange and purple silk. Above them rises an irregular row of white houses, green-shuttered and red-tiled; in the background looms the Kyrenia range, peculiarly beautiful when the declining sun incarnadines its rocks and illumines with deep glow its scattered patches of forest. The spectacle is seen at its best, perhaps, from the windows of my own house on the ramparts. From one side of this old Turkish qonaq of the seventeenth century you survey not only the moat, but the wide plain of the Mesaoria, bounded on

[1] *Lit.* a sheet: the garment, covering head and dress, worn out of doors by Turkish women who have not adopted European or semi-European fashions.

the south by snow-clad Olympus; from the other you look over the domes, towers, and minarets of the half-Gothic, half-eastern little town to the medieval castle perched on the precipitous summit of Buffavento, to the five-fingered peak of Pentedactylos, and to the final eminences of the Kyrenia Mountains as they tail away into the Karpass peninsula above Famagusta. And it is from this eastern side that you may behold, on the nights of a Moslem *festa*, a sight of unwonted loveliness. After the sun has set the domes of the mosques and the balconies of the minarets are garlanded with rows of little lamps, and their concentric circles of light reveal the outlines of the buildings with enchanting and fitful glimmer. From every quarter their flickering gleam shines faintly out of the darkness, while over all else there floats, like a thread of radiant gossamer, a line of fairy lights suspended between the towers of S. Sophia.

The end of Ramazan, the month of fasting, is marked by a three days' feast known as the lesser or "Sheker" (sugar) Bairam, which is followed after an interval of about seventy days by the greater or Qurban Bairam. Qurban Bairam is a lunar feast, falling ten days to the minute after the appearance of the new moon; and it is the duty of pious Moslems to report to the Qadi the instant the crescent has been discerned in the sky, so that he may proclaim that the festival is at hand.[1] Qurban Bairam commemorates Abraham's unconsummated sacrifice, whose intended victim, according to Moslem belief, was Ishmael, not Isaac: in memory of this event every Turkish family that can afford it must kill the *qurban*, the sacrificial sheep whose fleece has been dyed vermilion, for distribution to the household and to the poor. Bairam celebrations begin on its eve with the salutes and illuminations aforesaid. On the morrow the men attend service in the mosque, and then repair to the cemetery to recite the *Fatiha* over the graves of their dead. Religious obligations are now satisfied, and for the ensuing four days the faithful devote themselves to recreation and rejoicings. In the Qonaq Square of Nicosia swings and merry-go-rounds have been erected, sweetmeat-sellers and vendors of sherbet have set up their booths; and here the young disport themselves, while their fathers and elder brothers look on from the coffee-shops with which one side of the square is lined. Many a domestic comedy may then be witnessed by the observant. At one end a small boy, glittering with all the colours of the rainbow, declines to come home when summoned by his parents to

[1] I once inquired of a Turk in Paphos on what date Bairam would fall. "I cannot say for certain," he replied; "we are expecting Bairam by telegraph from Nicosia."

do so. His mother coaxes him with words of endearment: "*gel, janum*, come, my soul—*quzum*, my lamb—*iki gyözüm*, my two eyes," and, finally, with the appealing "*jigher kyöshem*, O, corner of my liver!" At another an angry matron apostrophises her offspring, who defies her from the sanctuary of the merry-go-round, with an infuriated "*qarn aghrisi*, you little belly-ache!"

Between the Qonaq Square and the Paphos Gate lies one of the oldest quarters of Nicosia, a quarter inhabited uninterruptedly since the days of the Lusignans by a small colony of Armenians. Denominated "Armenia" in the medieval chronicles of Cyprus, and so called even now by its inhabitants, this corner of Nicosia conceals behind high but tottering walls some dilapidated mansions of great age and bygone splendour. Graceful arcades, that might collapse at any moment, surround the inner courts of what once were palaces; within, ceilings and galleries sumptuously carved and painted crumble slowly into ruin. Narrow and tortuous lanes twist in and out of the quarter; and here and there from its sadly neglected gardens rises a secular cypress, noble and upright, its bronze green tones reminiscent, when seen against the turquoise sky, of the colours on an ancient Persian tile. In the midst of this "Armenia," however, there is a Turkish *enclave;* for here, oddly enough, was the family residence and early home of Mehmed Kiamil Pasha, the greatest Cypriote and most distinguished Ottoman statesman of modern times.

The precise date of Kiamil's birth is uncertain. One obituary notice in the English press gave it as 1826, the year of the extinction of the Janissaries by Sultan Mahmud II.; and, despite the mental and physical alertness which Kiamil preserved to the very end, there was latterly in his eyes a look of unutterable age which lent that theory support. According to the Cyprus newspaper 'Qibris,' he was born in A.H. 1248—that is, A.D. 1831; but the old Turkish registers of births and deaths in Cyprus are very incomplete, and can give the statement no corroboration. The only information they afford on the subject is in connection with the census of the island made by the Ottoman Government some time between 1861 and 1878, wherein Kiamil Pasha's mother, Penbé 'Abdu'llah, is stated to be living in the Mahmud Pasha quarter of Nicosia, and to have been born in A.H. 1213 (A.D. 1797). His father, one Salih Agha of Pyroi in the Nicosia district, was, we know, at the time of Kiamil's birth a captain of artillery, and was evidently a man free from prejudice, since he sent his son to be educated at the Greek school in Nicosia. From Cyprus young Kiamil passed to Cairo, obtained a position in the household of the Pasha of Egypt, and, in the course of a European tour

on which he accompanied one of the Pasha's sons, visited London during the Great Exhibition of 1851. Kiamil's sojourn in England confirmed his ripening admiration for this country and for its genius: thenceforth, having full command of English, he followed the English Press assiduously to the end of his life; thenceforth, to the end of his career, he sought zealously the friendship of England for his country. He cherished deep affection for the British Royal Family, and especially for King Edward, to whom he was warmly attached.

In 1860 Kiamil exchanged the service of 'Abbas I. for that of the Ottoman Government; and for the ensuing nineteen years—that is to say, until he first entered the Turkish Cabinet—filled an astonishing number of administrative appointments in every part of the empire. He held such diverse posts as Qaimaqam, Auditor, Director of Evqaf, Mutesarrif, and Vali; he governed, or helped to govern, several provinces, such as Eastern Rumelia, Herzegovina, Kossovo, and his native Cyprus, whose administration has long since passed out of Turkish hands. Yet he was not personally ambitious, although he rose rapidly. To an acquaintance of mine, who met him when he was Mutesarrif of Chios in 1875, and expressed astonishment that a man of his talents should be content with so unimportant a post, he replied that he found Chios a healthy and an attractive place to live in, and that he was satisfied to remain where he was. He was, above all things, a patriot, the most ready of his fellow-countrymen to accept responsibility and to undertake thankless tasks; nor had he long to wait for these. From 1885, when for the first time he became Grand Vizier (in succession to Küchük Said, who survived him by less than four months), until the tragic *coup d'état* of the 23rd of January 1913, Kiamil's career is almost contemporary history; it is, at all events, too well known to need recapitulation here. Suffice it to say, that on the 1st May 1913, after a sojourn of three months in Egypt, he returned to his beloved native isle for relief from the cares of State, saddened by his inability to avert from his country the dangers which encompassed her.

It was now generally supposed that the ex-Grand Vizier would travel no more; but after a stay of three weeks in Nicosia he surprised every one by leaving Cyprus for Constantinople. His opponents were then in power, and his unexpected return to the capital was the cause of some apprehension to his friends. It is possible that he intended to go no farther than Smyrna, where some of his properties were situated, and that, owing to an outbreak of cholera at that port, the steamer was compelled to proceed to Constantinople without calling there. At all events, his presence in the capital was unwelcome to the Young Turk

Government, and two days after his arrival he was once more on his way to Cyprus.

The date of his final return to the island coincided with that of the assassination of Mahmud Shevket Pasha, his successor in the Grand Vizierate. Shevket was shot on the 11th of June; Kiamil landed at Famagusta on the following day. Shevket's death was regarded by many as a retribution for the murder of Nazim Pasha in January; but the indignation which it evoked among his followers reacted on those who were not in sympathy with the Committee of Union and Progress. It led to a considerable exodus from the capital, and among the *émigrés* were the members of Kiamil Pasha's family, who in due course joined the old man in Nicosia. Here, surrounded by children and grandchildren, Kiamil spent the declining months of his life, evoking memories of his distant youth in the home from which he had been absent so long. He took the keenest interest in the development of Cyprus under British rule, and was full of praise for all he saw. He would make expeditions to Larnaca and Kyrenia, would wander alone about the streets of Nicosia and go unattended to the Turkish bath, or would receive visitors in the *selamlik* of his house, sitting on the divan with his legs tucked beneath him.

For in dress, dignity of manner, and deportment Kiamil Pasha was a Turk of the old school. Unlike those of his compatriots, who have been denationalised by long visits to Berlin, he was not ashamed to adhere to his country's customs. To the end of his days he wore the old-fashioned Stambuli frock-coat, with upturned collar, and squatting on the sofa, would clap his hands for his eunuch to bring coffee for the visitors; in the intervals of conversation he took snuff from a little gold snuff-box. He had a way of muttering rapidly in his beard, which made him difficult to follow, whatever language he was speaking; but he knew English and French perfectly, and to the last his intellect was unclouded. Shortly before his death he wrote me a letter in his own hand, in faultless English; eight days before he died he was dining at Government House with the High Commissioner of Cyprus, and expressed a hope to revisit London in the following summer. The end came quite suddenly, at seven o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November 1913. He died of syncope, while engaged in his morning correspondence, and was buried that afternoon, in a grave dug, by special permission of the Government, in the court of the Arab Ahmed Mosque, near to his house.

Truly Turkish in its contrasts and vicissitudes had been Kiamil Pasha's career and life, and truly Turkish was his burial. After a service in S. Sophia, the coffin was borne through tortuous streets and beneath overhanging lattices to its last resting-

place, followed by the highest and lowest in the island. Crowding upon the High Commissioner, the principal British officials, and the Moslem dignitaries, the rabble of the town struggled and pushed, instigated partly by curiosity, partly by the hope of being able for a moment or so to take part in the bearing of the coffin. And as the procession approached the Arab Ahmed Mosque with its swaying burden, a flower-seller, dressed in the voluminous white breeches of the Turkish peasant of Cyprus, and with bare legs and slippers, joined the throng, laid aside the tray of violets he had brought into the bazaar for sale, and put his shoulder under the coffin. It was the Grand Vizier's nephew, his sister's son, who grows flowers and vegetables in the neighbouring village of Devterá, and had come into the town that afternoon to ply his trade. He encountered the procession accidentally, unaware of his uncle's death; but when he learned who was being carried to burial, he took his place as a matter of course, and no one thought his participation strange. For if Turkey is — or was — an autocracy, it is in some respects the most striking of democracies. It can give rank, honour, and position to a man, but not to his descendants: a poor Turk, or one of humble birth, becomes Vizier or Mushir as easily as a Stambuli Effendi. The Turk need not be less a gentleman because he wears peasant's clothes, nor a *parvenu* because he has reached eminence by a long ladder.

There is a Greek verb familiar to us from our schooldays, λανθάνειν, "to escape notice," which suggests very accurately the policy long pursued by the rulers of the Orthodox Church in Turkey as regards the character of their places of worship. They did not, it is true, burrow underground in emulation of the early Christians, but like English nobles in the days of Henry the Eighth's "benevolences," they found it prudent to avoid the appearance of undue wealth. Thus the seat of the Œcumenical Patriarch, the Phanar, in Constantinople, is externally of an amazing insignificance, considering that it is in a sense the Vatican of Orthodoxy: in the Phanar the policy of "escaping notice" finds its most complete expression. In Cyprus the danger lay in another quarter, but the result was the same. Here it was not Moslem, but Latin, rapacity which was dreaded by the Orthodox: the brutal manner in which the Church of the Lusignans and the Venetians subordinated, almost suppressed, the native Church of the Cypriotes explains the humble appearance of the Orthodox shrines of the island built between the date of the *Bulla Cypria* and that of the Turkish conquest. Outward ostentation, in size or ornament, was sedulously avoided; any display in which the builders could afford to indulge was confined to internal embellishment. Thus

S. John the Almoner, the Orthodox cathedral of Nicosia, is well lined with frescoes, but has the dimensions of a private chapel rather than of a metropolitan church; the older Orthodox parish churches, such as Hagios Antonios and the Chrysaliniótissa, are carefully concealed from view among the intricacies of an eastern town. In recent years the inevitable reaction has set in, with results artistically deplorable. There is a suburb of Nicosia, Qaimaqli by name, which is inhabited principally by masons, and the Qaimaqli masons have evolved a style of ecclesiastical architecture of their own. This style, it is scarcely necessary to observe, displays all the showy vulgarity of modern Levantine taste, and its examples, unhappily, are being disseminated in every part of the island. With increased prosperity due to the British occupation there is hardly a Christian village that has not enlarged or rebuilt its church within the last thirty years, yet instead of adhering to the Byzantine models which it has at hand—models not demonstrative, perhaps, but eminently pleasing to the eye—it prefers to indulge in the garish product of Qaimaqli. Nicosia within the walls has hitherto remained immune; not so, however, its surroundings. Qaimaqli itself boasts a particularly aggressive specimen, built as an advertisement *pour encourager les autres;* and Hagioi Homologitai (the Holy Confessors), the suburb at the other extremity of the town, is likewise a victim. Hagioi Homologitai is architecturally unfortunate also in other respects, for within its limits is situated the uninspired block of buildings containing the Government offices and the council-chamber of the Cyprus Legislature. The latter is of truly Spartan simplicity, both within and without; on the other hand it enshrines at the opening of the annual session, or enshrined until the war placed ceremonial in abeyance, a medley of formal dress so remarkable and so interesting that its own lack of splendour is unnoticed. Probably at no other official function in the world which is held under British auspices are there gathered together so many picturesque and diverse elements as are convened on this occasion within its walls.

The members of this Council, now summoned to hear the opening speech of the High Commissioner of the island, are composed of three different sections. There are in all eighteen members, part of whom are elected, part non-elected; and the latter consist of six British officials, who sit either *ex officio* or by nomination. Of the elected members three are Turks, chosen by their compatriots to represent the Turkish element in Cyprus; and nine are Greek Christians, chosen by the Greek Christian community. A horseshoe table, covered with green baize, occupies the body of the room; and the official members, who are seated in the middle, divide the Turks on the right wing from

the Greek Christians on the left. Raised a step above the floor is the chair of the President of the Council, the High Commissioner of Cyprus, resplendent on such an occasion as this in Orders and gold. He is flanked on either side by the official members, who are arrayed in the blue British civil uniform; or in the case of the King's Advocate, the legal adviser of the Government, in the robes of a King's Counsel.

The Turkish members, departing from this uniformity, present considerable variety of dress. One of them most probably held, before the war, some official rank in the Ottoman Empire, a purely honorary distinction entailing no obligations, and in this event would wear the Turkish civil uniform of black and gold, the quantity of gold varying according to the ranks—fifteen in all, I believe—into which the Turkish hierarchy of civil officials is divided. Another may belong to the Khoja class—that is to say, to the semi-ecclesiastical category of those who have studied the Sacred Law—and consequently wears a black gown which descends to the ankles, and a white turban bound around his fez. Another, belonging to neither class, wears European evening dress and a fez. The Greek-Christian members are all in evening dress, a contrast to the mass of colour around them.

The dignitaries who in virtue of their position are invited to be present at the opening of Council, contribute even more than the members to the picturesqueness of the scene. Along the walls of the council-chamber chairs are ranged for the visitors, and nowhere but in Cyprus can be seen such interesting and piquant juxtapositions. There are the English Judges of the Supreme Court, in scarlet and full-bottomed wigs; there are their Eminences the Qadi and the Mufti of Cyprus, in the splendid dress worn by high officials of the Mohammedan Sheri' or ecclesiastical Courts. These Courts, in Cyprus, exercise jurisdiction over Mohammedans only; but the jurisdiction is a wide one, and may be likened to that of the English ecclesiastical Courts prior to the Reformation. There are nine ranks of Sheri' Court officials, ranging from the humble Muderis to the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and their gala dress increases in magnificence as they ascend the hierarchical ladder. As they are all of the Khoja class, their uniforms consist of variations on the gown and turban worn by the ordinary Khoja. On full-dress occasions the gowns of the lower ranks are blue, those of the higher ranks violet, and in the highest ranks, to which the Qadi of Cyprus belongs, the violet gown is heavily gold-embroidered. And over the white turban which binds the fez is laid a band of gold brocade, of varying width according to rank, with a tail of white linen, gold-tipped, hanging down the back.

Next to their Eminences are placed his Beatitude the Arch-

bishop of the Autocephalous Church of Cyprus and his Metropolitans, swathed in voluminous folds of black, in which can occasionally be discerned, as they move, their pectoral crosses of brilliants and other precious stones. With them, too, sits his All-Saintliness, the Abbot of Kykkos, head of the greatest and wealthiest of the eighty-two monasteries of Cyprus. Then comes the Bishop of the Maronites, in whose costume the twofold aspect of his Church, one of the Eastern Uniat Churches, is manifested. His cassock and stockings of *pavonazzo* silk proclaim the prelate of a Church in communion with Rome; his black headgear, resembling a "pork-pie" cap, shows that the Maronite Church retains something of her local Syrian usages. The Father Superior of the Franciscans and the Armenian Vicar-General represent two other religious bodies which have flocks in Cyprus.

The other side of the room is occupied by senior officials of the Government and their ladies, and by other distinguished visitors. Sitting cheek by jowl are the chaplain of the Church of England, in academic gown and hood, and the hereditary Sheikh of the Mevlevi Dancing Dervishes, in the stately garb and the tall bonnet of camel hair, encircled by a green turban, which he affects on solemn occasions. The scene provides a strange contrast of race and religion, illustrates a singular variety of civilisations; and the Turkish and Greek translators to the Council remind one, if reminder be needed, of the linguistic problems which the administration of Cyprus involves.

As Qaimaqli is a village of masons, so is Hagioi Homologitai a village of washerwomen. Its single street, which stretches for precisely a mile westward from the Paphos Gate, houses laundress after laundress; and even the *papadiá*, the wife of the parish priest, follows the general calling, while the *papas* her husband, a venerable grey-beard, spends most of his time at the door of his house darning his wife's washing. There is, indeed, nothing abnormal in this procedure. In the Orthodox Church the secular priest, who must be married and is therefore ineligible for the hierarchy unless he should chance to become a widower, is generally a rude and unpretentious person, principally occupied in seeking to supplement his meagre pittance for the support of his numerous brood. No task however menial is beneath his dignity; indiscriminately he ploughs and preaches, celebrates the liturgy and tills his field. In Salonika I have seen priests in charge of tobacco shops and selling newspapers in the streets; at Mudros, in 1915, monks peddled Turkish delight and chocolate to the Allied troops. At Amiantes, near Troödos, a priest used to work as a labourer in the asbestos mine, his bonnet on his head and his ragged cassock tucked inside baggy blue breeches. Darning linen is rather a refined form of employment for

an Orthodox vicar's leisure hours.

Immediately above Hagioi Homologitai begin the grounds of Government House, the residence of the High Commissioner. The house itself can scarcely be called imposing. Though a stone porch and cloister have been added in recent years, it is fundamentally a wooden structure, capable of being taken to pieces and packed away in boxes. Indeed, when Sir Garnet Wolseley landed in Cyprus in 1878, it is said to have been at Port Said on its way to some destination in India, and to have been diverted to Cyprus by telegraph, as no house could be found in Nicosia suitable for the Queen's representative. Its situation, however, is delightful, and the views from its grounds superb. The eminence on which it stands — now known to the Turks as *Vali Pasha tepesi*, "The Governor's Hill," — is believed to have been the site of King Richard's encampment, and admirably commands the town. A young pine forest has grown up around it, adding greatly to its amenities; and in the terraced gardens orange-trees and cypresses mingle with medieval arches and other fragments salved from vanished churches and the old Qonaq. Its western boundary is the bed of the river Pedias, on whose farther bank lies a flourishing *metochi*, or dependency, of the monastery of Kykkos. The buildings of this monastic farm are of little interest, for the *metochi* is bucolic rather than ecclesiastical, its purpose to produce grain and fruit for the parent house on the spurs of Olympus. It possesses, however, some delightful gardens, and an avenue of the tallest cypresses in the island, leading into open country and to a succession of low flat-topped hills. From these should be seen the old town of Turks, Venetians, and Crusaders, bathed at evening in the glow of sunset, and the Kyrenia Mountains fading into the distance in the direction of the Syrian coast.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF ENGLAND.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

I. JUDGES AND JUDGES.

To the layman every judge is equally a judge; but to the lawyer there are judges and judges. There are some judges whose ruling on any moot point of law is taken as settling it for ever: there are others who, to use Lord Ellenborough's phrase, are fit only to rule copybooks. The strange thing is that the great judges are as often as not found among those who have obtained promotion to the bench by favour; while the small judges are not unfrequently found among those who have earned their promotion by success in practice. There are two modes of succession known to the law: succession *per stirpes*, or by the family, and succession *per capita*, or by the head. Lord Westbury, in his sardonic way, once said that persons bearing a certain name well known in the legal world, succeeded to places on the Bench *per stirpes* and not *per capita*. To a certain extent that was true, since few of that name ever won much reputation at the Bar; yet it might be said that scarcely one of them who obtained promotion ever failed to win a reputation on the Bench. The qualities required to gain success as a judge and as an advocate are essentially different; and it is but rarely that you find them both combined in the same person.

For instance, nothing is more necessary to success as an advocate than self-confidence: possibly nothing has led judges into more or worse errors than that same quality. It is a common saying that the fifteen years which a judge must serve to qualify for a retiring pension may roughly be divided, as ancient Gaul was, into three parts. During the first five years, the judge is always afraid he is wrong; during the second, he is always sure he is right; and during the third, he does not care twopence whether he's wrong or right. But in fact some judges, from the day they are preferred, are always sure they are right—so sure indeed that they will not listen to any argument or evidence which tends to show that they are wrong. Such men are often called by the lay press and public "strong" judges. Many of these so-called strong judges have had reputations among lawyers which no man need envy. It is not too much to say that one of them, who died not long ago and whose name was never mentioned in the daily papers without unrestrained praise, was regarded by the counsel practising before him as nothing less than a perverter of justice. Many a

rogue, who attracted his favour by cleverness or impudence, escaped the punishment he richly deserved; and many an honest man was ruined through his practical refusal to listen to his case. Fortunately for litigants there have been few English judges quite so "strong" as ——.

Weak judges do far less mischief than strong judges of this sort. The mischief they do is not in the perversion, so much as in the degradation, of justice. It does not conduce to the dignity of justice to have a judge constantly overborne in his own court by masterful counsel. There was in Henry Brougham's time a certain judge so much under the influence of Pollock, afterwards Lord Chief Baron, that when Pollock and Brougham were pitted against each other before him, Brougham used to appeal to Pollock not to rule on any point until, at any rate, the judge had an opportunity of submitting a few observations for his consideration. That was a gentle reminder to the judge that he was not quite master in his own court. A brutal one was the retort of General Butler of the American Bar. He was one of several counsel appearing in a case, all of whom agreed in disregarding the very existence of the judge. At last his honour in desperation cried out, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, what am I here for?" Butler paused and pondered. Then, passing his hand over his forehead, he said, "By the holy, your honour has me there!"

Perhaps, however, the weak judge does less to degrade justice than the "judicial humourist." The judicial humourist has rarely a greater sense of humour than his graver brethren: he has merely a lesser sense of dignity. He is always on the look out for the chance of making a joke; and very often he ends in joking, not merely decorum, but justice itself out of his court. His object is to create a laugh, and seldom does his joke fail to do that, and as seldom does it succeed in doing anything more: it reads but poorly in print, looking in that cold medium too like the jest, not of a wit, but of a buffoon. Probably the three most witty men on the English Bench in recent years were Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, Lord Bowen, and Lord Macnaghten (if one wishes to enjoy a remarkable display of humour, learning, and literature, he cannot do better than study the judgment of Lord Macnaghten in *Van Grutten* v. *Foxwell* [1897], A.C. 658). But nobody ever regarded any of them as a judicial humourist. They never forgot that the business of a judge is a grave one; and they transacted it gravely.

It is the view of the public that the mere elevation of a barrister to the Bench gives him learning, whether he possessed any before it or not. The view of the law itself is not very different. The late Owen Meredith once said that the King could accomplish things beyond the power of Heaven itself; and, when asked

for an example, he stated that the King, by making her husband a knight, had made a certain woman a lady. In the same way the King, by making him a judge, can make an unlearned lawyer an authority on law. But though the King can make the world accept an unlearned lawyer for learned, he cannot give him learning. And judges, however blind they may be to their own imperfections, are, as Lord Bowen put it, deeply conscious of each others' deficiencies. Lord Justice Christian, when he was Chief of the Irish Court of Appeal, used to display this consciousness in his own way. When his two colleagues differed in opinion, each of them stated his decision and his reasons for it before the Chief; and, when the Chief gave his, it sometimes took this laconic but not flattering form: "I agree with the decision of my brother on the right for the reasons so admirably stated by my brother on the left." And counsel, too, sometimes show their views of the learning of the Bench in nearly as uncomplimentary a way. Every one remembers the reply of the eldest and most learned lawyer of his time, Serjeant Maynard, to the brutal observation of Judge Jeffreys, that he had grown so old he had forgotten his law. "It is true I have grown old and have forgotten some of my law," replied the ancient Serjeant; "indeed I have forgotten more than your lordship ever knew; and I have not forgotten much." A young counsel displayed his opinion of the learning of the Bench as clearly if not as consciously. He had argued a case, and to his surprise and indignation the judge decided it against him. He appealed, and when opening his case in the Court of Appeal, he began by stating and explaining at great length some most elementary legal principles. At last the judges became impatient; and one of them said, mildly enough, "Don't you think, Mr Smith, you might assume that the Court knows some law?" "No, no, my lord," answered the young barrister hastily; "that was just the mistake I made in the court below."

As to the moral conduct of judges a *laudator temporis acti* once summed up to me the difference between the judges of former days and those of our own. He said that formerly judges, when on the Bench, never forgot they were judges, and when not on the Bench, never remembered it; but now judges, when on the Bench, never remember they are judges, and when not on the Bench, never forget it. Being, as I say, a *laudator temporis acti*, he professed his preference for the old style. Certainly his statement was accurate to this extent: it is rarely nowadays that a judge when off the Bench forgets that he is a judge. The old habits of free living, and especially free drinking, which characterised alike the Bench and the Bar of a hundred years ago, arose largely

through the circuit system, which then turned judges and counsel for half the legal year into sets of roving, homeless bachelors. At the beginning of an assize, then, they closed their courts and chambers, packed their traps, and went off to the country, not to return to their wives and families for several months, and while away they lived a free and easy and most convivial life. The railways and the growth of local Bars have put an end to all that. Now counsel from London run up by an early train on commission day to the county town where they hope to get briefs; if they get any they remain till they are disposed of; if they find the local Bar have got them, they return the next day to town. Thus one will frequently find a hundred barristers assembled at circuit mess on the first night reduced to half a dozen on the second or third.

Lord Morris used to tell a story which was an echo of past days and ways. He was driving from Galway to his family seat at Spiddal, when he passed an acquaintance who was chatting by the roadside to an ancient road-mender. The judge saluted his friend. When he had disappeared the ancient road-mender asked the friend, "And who, now, might that gintleman be, sor?" The friend said, "He's Lord Morris, the judge." "And ye tell me he's a judge, sor," commented the ancient road-mender in a reflective way. "Ye tell me he's a judge. Well, I've seen him, man and boy, dhriving along this road these fifty years, and I niver saw him wance the worse for dhrink. And ye tell me he's a judge."

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the English Bench—and Bar too for that matter—is its hearty welcome to ability, come from whence it may. In that respect London resembles Rome: among the great names of Roman jurisconsults none were greater than Scævola, Papinianus, and Ulpianus; and yet none of these were Romans. In the same way there are no greater names among English nineteenth-century lawyers than Cairns in Equity and Willes in Common Law; and yet the first hailed from Belfast and the second from Cork. In Equity Jessel may be a rival to Cairns: at any rate, he thought so himself. My wife's uncle, the late Sir Alfred Dryden, who read in the same chambers as he, told me that towards the end of his career he used to say in his own English, "'Istory will sy that the three greatest Chancery men were 'Ardwicke, Cairns, and me." If history does say that, then Hardwicke will be the only Englishman, for Jessel was a Jew. At this moment the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain is a Scotsman, who succeeded another Scotsman (Viscount Haldane), who himself succeeded a third Scotsman (the Earl of Loreburn), who in turn succeeded that venerable Irishman, the Earl of Halsbury, in that great

office; and the Lord Chief Justice of England is a Jew like Jessel.

This generous disregard of prejudice, national or religious, strikes every one accustomed to the narrower provincial feeling in Scotland and Ireland. Lord Morris, shortly after he was appointed one of the Law Lords, was asked what he thought of the supreme tribunal. He answered, "I think the English are a long suffering people. There is the highest Court in their Empire, and what does it consist of? Why, three Irishmen, two Scotchmen, and a miserable ould Jew." The disrespectful description was intended to apply to the late learned Lord Hersehell, C.

II. JUDGES AND COUNSEL.

The lay public think that the qualification for becoming a judge is to have become a distinguished leader of the Bar. This is a mistake: there are many distinguished leaders of the Bar who will never be judges; and there are many judges who were never distinguished leaders of the Bar. The only qualification for the Bench known to the law is to be a barrister of ten years' standing: all the rest depends upon the Lord High Chancellor: what further qualifications he may require depends upon his individual idiosyncrasies. Lord Lyndhurst openly stated the principle on which he proceeded. "When I want a judge," he said, "I look round the Bar for a gentleman; and, if he knows a little law, so much the better." That was, perhaps, as good a principle of selection as is possible, considering all the circumstances. At any rate, it is better than that followed by a later Chancellor. "People say that my last three appointments to the Bench are a public scandal," he said indignantly. "Well, all I can say is this: it would, in my opinion, have been a much greater public scandal if three respectable, straight-voting county M.P.'s had had to end their careers in the Court of Bankruptcy."

Once, however, a counsel becomes a judge, the lay public, whatever they thought of him when at the Bar, take him at his face value. I have already pointed out that the law does much the same, since his opinion on points of law, which before his elevation were probably not thought worth five guineas apiece, are, after his elevation, absolute declarations of the law binding upon the whole realm save and except the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords. Considering this, it is hardly to be wondered at that the barrister, when made a judge, should himself commonly take the same view as to the effect of his exaltation. That view is not, however, by any means universally shared by his old companions at the Bar. Some-

times this difference in opinion leads to a little friction between judges and counsel. I remember once a newly appointed judge, whose career at the Bar had been far from illustrious, having the folly to tell the late Sir Charles Russell that his cross-examination of a witness was wearisome and pointless. The greatest cross-examiner in England glared at his lordship in speechless amazement for a moment; and then he replied fiercely, "Oblige me by holding your silly tongue until somebody speaks to you." That was a rude way of showing a judge what counsel thought of him. Curran's way was more civil and also more effective. He was addressing the jury, and the judge irritated him by constantly shaking his head to indicate to the jury that he did not agree with what was being said. "Gentlemen of the jury," commented Curran at last, "you may have noticed his lordship shaking his head. I ask you to pay no attention to it; because, if you were as well acquainted with his lordship as I am, you would know that when he shakes his head there is nothing in it."

This will show that judges are sometimes noted for want of judgment. Not so often they are also noted for want of manners. Where this fault displays itself, it is usually before long corrected by the Bar. The inexperienced junior may tremble under the rough tongue of the judge; but the experienced and established leader contrives to repay in kind, sometimes in a measure brim full, pressed down, and flowing over. That was the case in an encounter between the late Oswald, K.C., and an unlearned and underbred judge. (By the way, Oswald was the author of a treatise on "Contempt of Court," which, his fellow-barristers insisted, was all based on personal experience.) The unlearned and underbred judge, after a tussle with Oswald, had announced angrily that he could teach him neither law nor manners. "I respectfully agree, my lord," answered Oswald blandly; "you could teach nobody either." And it was Sir Charles Russell who, when a judge from the Chancery side who knew not Russell, rudely interrupted him again and again, threw down his brief and said, "My lord, what may be the manners of the place from whence you came I know not; but I do know that on this side the judges treat the Bar as gentlemen, and, as long as I am of the Bar, I will submit to be treated in no other way." Without more, he left the court. The judge hastily sent a messenger after him; and when he came back humbly apologised, and interrupted no more.

At the same time the bearing of the average counsel towards the judge is usually so deferential as to verge on the abject. The reason of this is not, as a rule, want of courage to stand up to the judge: it is regard of the

counsel for his own interests. Solicitors dislike counsel who quarrel with the judge, unless they are men big and strong enough to crush him. Nothing will persuade them that the decision of a case very often depends not so much on the evidence and arguments submitted to, as on the feelings entertained by, the judge. Accordingly, if a barrister, not at the top of the Bar, gets the reputation among them of being personally objectionable to the Bench or any considerable portion of it, his practice is as good as ruined. This is very unfair to counsel, and still more unfair to judges. Most experienced barristers know that rarely indeed does any judge allow his likes or dislikes of counsel personally to affect his judgment in cases in which such counsel appears. Far more frequently that judgment is affected by the kind of work in which that counsel is retained. If judges observe that a certain barrister frequently appears in shady cases or for shady clients, they look with suspicion and distrust on any business in which he is engaged.

While few judges are either ill-natured or ill-mannered, not a few of them are ill-tempered, or, rather, what is commonly known as "peppery." It is true some judges are, if anything, over good-tempered. It used to be said of the late Mr Justice Lawrance — affectionately known on the Midland Circuit as "Long Lawrance" — that he was of so amiable a disposition that nothing could exasperate him except a point of law. Such judges, however, are rarely of the first flight. Most competent men are, especially when growing a bit old, a bit peppery. Usually this pepperiness is confined to one or two points which counsel, who are accustomed to appear before them, know well and take care to avoid. For instance, there was no judge of his time with a kinder heart or a better head than the late Lord Esher, for many years Master of the Rolls; but he was very peppery on points. One of these points was the way some counsel have of citing cases so rapidly that they are discussing a new case before the court has had time to consider the effect of the previous one. Once a hurried and nervous counsel was arguing before Lord Esher, and citing case after case in support of his argument so quickly that Lord Esher quite lost his bearings. Counsel always gave his references to the cases cited as so-and-so "Q.B.D." At length Lord Esher demanded angrily, "What do you mean by Q.B.D.?" Counsel replied in amazement, "Why, my lord, Queen's Bench Division, of course." "Well," answered Lord Esher, gazing at him with indignant, burning eyes, "if you mean Queen's Bench Division, why don't you say Queen's Bench Division? When counsel keeps heaving at my head every second this Q.B.D. and that Q.B.D. and the other

Q.B.D., I feel inclined to say to him U.B.D."

As I have said, there was no kinder heart or better head on the Bench in his time than Lord Esher's; but he certainly was injured by his irascibility. Sometimes when I watched him fuming in court I was reminded of the story told by Gronow of a predecessor of his of a similar temper, Sir Pepper Arden, afterwards Lord Alvanley. Once, Gronow says, a Frenchman, who spoke no English, accompanied by an interpreter, visited Sir Pepper's court. Sir Pepper happened to be in a fiery state at the time. The Frenchman was startled by the heat he showed, and asked the interpreter his name. The interpreter, translating it literally from English into French, answered "*Le Chevalier Poivre Ardent.*" "*Parbleu,*" muttered the Frenchman, "*il est très bien nommé!*"

When a judge sits with colleagues, as Lord Esher did, his irascibility, especially if he is also an able man, has a worse influence on the Bench than on the Bar. It tends to cause the colleagues, who desire a quiet life, to acquiesce with the irascible one whenever they can do so without actually outraging their consciences, and to lead the colleagues who are fighters to seek for grounds for dissenting from him. While Lord Esher presided over the first division of the Court of Appeal, he had more than one coadjutor who might well have adopted the title which Lord Bowen said he intended to take when called to the House of Lords—that of Lord Concurry; while at least one of them might be properly described as a conscientious objector.

Just as every private of the great Napoleon's army carried a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every member of the Bar of England wears under his black robe the ermine of a judge. And this operates entirely for the public benefit. The judge seldom forgets that he was once a barrister, and the barrister seldom forgets that he may one day be a judge. This solidarity inspires in both of them a sense of mutual confidence and reciprocal honour such as prevails in no other profession except perhaps the navy and army, and that sense facilitates business enormously, more especially on the Chancery side, where judge and counsel know one another more intimately than is possible in the larger and more varied world of the Common Law. Often on the Chancery side, when *ex parte* applications are made in important and complicated matters which, if discussed in detail, would occupy hours, all that passes between the judge and counsel is this: "Well, Mr Smith," the judge will say, "this is all right, I suppose?" "Quite right, my lord." "Take your order."

The judge trusts implicitly to the word of counsel, and his trust is never betrayed.

III. COUNSEL AND CLIENTS.

Some years ago, about a week or more before the commencement of one of our very long Long Vacations, I happened to meet a lay friend who was involved in a heavy action. I asked him how it was getting on, and he told me that his counsel had applied to have it heard before the Vacation, but the application had been refused by the court.

"This was very inconvenient for me," he added, "and I was annoyed at it; but not half so much as Jones," who was his leading counsel. "He told the judge plainly that it was grossly unfair to me, and was so vexed that he got into quite a temper."

Now, I knew Mr Jones. He was a man who never came into court without having read his brief; but he was certainly not a man I should suspect of losing his temper because his client was inconvenienced. So I asked my friend if Mr Jones had said anything to his junior.

"Well, yes," my friend replied; "he said he was glad he had made an exhaustive note of the case, as it would save him a lot of work when it came on again."

That explained "the grand choler of the Father" Jones. He had made up his brief laboriously, as he always did, and he was vexed at the delay, because he knew that by the end of the Vacation he should have forgotten all about it.

No man can get through a great leading practice at the Bar unless he not merely learns to learn quickly, but also learns to forget quickly what he has learned. So a young barrister friend of mine was taught at his first conference with the late Sir Charles Russell.

The junior counsel in an intricate case had suddenly died, and my friend was fortunate enough to get his brief. The case was one which raised many points, and had been already several times before the court. My friend had little time to make it up; but this did not disturb him, as Sir Charles, who was leading him, had argued the case on the occasions when it had been previously considered; and so, he assumed, was familiar with all the facts. At the conference, however, much to my friend's amazement, the first question which Sir Charles put to him, in his brusque peremptory way, was, "Well, what is this case all about?"

"Why, Sir Charles," replied my friend awkwardly, "I thought you would know more of it than I possibly can."

"I know nothing about it," said Sir Charles.

"But," persisted my friend, "you have argued it three times already."

"I tell you I know nothing about it," answered Sir Charles angrily. "If I remembered all the facts in all the cases I have been in, what sort of a thing

would my head be now, do you think?"

In fact, to be able to continue to learn quickly one must be able to forget as quickly; and lawyers who attain to great practices develop a power of acquiring and forgetting knowledge of all sorts of things—facts, figures, history, science, law—with a rapidity that amazes their coaches. In politics it is much the same. A friend of mine, who had a good deal to do in that way with the late Mr Joseph Chamberlain, told me that nothing astounded him so greatly as the quickness with which he mastered the ins and outs of all sorts of difficult and intricate questions, except the quickness with which he forgot all about them. Unfortunately for myself, I was never, either in law or politics, able to learn to forget.

This superficial knowledge of a subject is often acquired so intelligently and used so skilfully that counsel has the advantage over witnesses whose professional business is to know it. That is especially the case when the witnesses are medical men, who are usually the least expert of experts. As might be expected, however, when knowledge is "sweated up," as barristers call it, there are usually vast *lacunæ* in it, which, when discovered, reveal the abysmal ignorance which lies behind. I well remember an instance of such a revelation. It occurred in a patent case: the patent was for some electrical contrivance, and the late Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) was the chief witness for one side. He was being cross-examined by the leading counsel for the other side—a distinguished Q.C., whose extraordinary gift for grasping quickly abstruse scientific points brought him an immense practice in patent cases. He put his questions something in this way: "Now, Sir William, wouldn't you say 'so-and-so.'" "I wud," answered Sir William in his Northern accent. "And wouldn't you say that 'so-and-so' followed from that?" "I wud," answered Sir William. "And wouldn't you say that 'so-and-so' followed from that?" "I wud," answered Sir William. "And now, Sir William," put the Q.C. in a triumphant tone, "after what you have admitted, wouldn't you say that 'so-and-so' must of necessity follow from that?" Sir William paused before replying. Then he said slowly, "I wud—if I knew nothing about electricity; but I know a deal." In half a dozen sentences he explained how what of necessity followed was just the reverse of what his cross-examiner suggested. The distinguished Q.C. listened in silence, and, when the sentences were ended, showed his power of grasping quickly abstruse scientific points by sitting down without asking another question. I have often wondered what the subsequent interview between him and his coach was like.

But all this is something of a digression. The point I had in my mind when I referred to the conversation with my liti-

gant friend was to illustrate the manner in which lay clients, at any rate, will insist on confusing the man with the advocate. When a client, by his solicitor, retains counsel to plead his cause for him, he is simply employing for pay a man to do for him work in which that man has or is supposed to have special experience and skill. But nothing will induce the average client to view the transaction in that light. He will insist on thinking that when counsel strongly urges the justice of his cause, he is doing so not because he is paid to do it, but because he believes that the cause is just. He fancies, too, that counsel is as deeply interested in his cause as he is; feels the same anxiety as to the result as he does; and is as much concerned when that result proves unhappy. "Weel, weel, sir," a Scottish farmer said to his advocate, who was condoling with him on the hostile verdict of the jury—"Weel, weel, sir, I'm gey gled to be red o' it on ony terms, and if you hae spent as mony sleepless nichts ower it as I hae you'll be the same." It never occurred to the honest man that, if the advocate spent sleepless nights over every case which he conducted, he would soon not be in a condition to conduct cases at all.

Sometimes this dream of clients that their counsel believe implicitly in the justice of their cause has unexpected awakenings. The great Erskine was once defending in a murder case. The murder was a most atrocious one, and the prisoner was the murderer. Erskine defended him with his usual vigour and earnestness; his final address to the jury was particularly fervent and moving. Nevertheless a callous judge charged straight against the prisoner, and an equally callous jury promptly convicted him, and he was ordered to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, on the very next day, as the custom then was.

Convinced that Erskine believed in his innocence, the prisoner, before being removed from the dock, leant over the bar and whispered—

"Mr Erskine, Mr Erskine!"

"Well?" said Erskine.

"Mr Erskine, I have not received justice," said the prisoner.

"No," replied Erskine, "that's quite true; you have not received justice. But," he added cheerfully, "you'll get it all right to-morrow."

This confusion of the advocate with the man makes many clients fiercely distrustful of a counsel who, before the case comes into court, advises them that there is no chance of success. One striking instance of that feeling I have reason to remember. A large landowner, now deceased, who was himself of a quarrelsome nature, had the misfortune to grant a lease of one of his farms to a very quarrelsome tenant. The very quarrelsome tenant had an even more quarrelsome son, whom he appointed manager of the farm at a yearly salary. The son was

soon on fighting terms with the landlord, owing to his unreasonable claims and objections and general perverseness, until at length the landlord, by his agent, wrote telling him that he was not the tenant, but his father was, and that henceforth all communications must be made through the father. Shortly afterwards the son, having privately developed very strained relations with the father, wrote to the landlord offering to surrender the lease at the end of the current year; and the landlord, who now was on strained relations himself with the father, and eager to get rid of both of them, precipitately accepted the son's offer. It was some time before the father heard of the son's offer, and, when he did, he promptly quarrelled out and out with the son, expelled him from the farm, and gave the landlord notice that the son had no authority to surrender the lease. The landlord insisted that the lease had been surrendered, and that the farm must be given up at the end of the year. The tenant refused absolutely to give it up.

Counsel was instructed to advise whether on these facts the surrender was good. He advised that it was not. The next instructions which he received were to draft, on behalf of the landlord, a statement of claim in an action for possession of the farm. He drafted it, but put a note "in the fold" that, in his opinion, the action must fail, and he advised an attempt to settle. The landlord's solicitor saw him, told him he quite agreed that the action must fail; but they must go on with it, as the landlord swore that if the court did not turn out the (unmentionable) tenant, he himself would do so by force; and this would be a great scandal, since the landlord was Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The case went on. When ready for trial, an eminent K.C. was briefed to lead the counsel. The K.C., when he had perused his brief, agreed absolutely with his junior that there was no case; but there was then nothing for it but to fight it as best they could. They did so, and, as both of them expected, the action was dismissed. The landlord had the insolence to tell them that they had not tried to win it, because they had advised it would fail, and they wanted to justify their advice.

This is an extreme case. But something of the same kind is constantly occurring,—so constantly, that to my knowledge some leading juniors refuse to accept briefs where they have definitely advised that there is no case. But this, to young juniors who are only fighting their way into practice, requires a heroic sense of honour, since it may mean the loss of a client when clients are very few; and, accordingly, it is to be feared that some of the less conscientious of them sometimes affect a confidence in cases submitted to them which they do not really feel, and thus encourage clients to proceed

with actions which they privately regard as at least as likely to end in defeat as in victory.

While the tendency of the average lay client—and to a certain extent the solicitor—is to confuse the man with the advocate, the tendency of the public generally is to confuse the advocate with the man. The process of reasoning seems to be this: Because a barrister is willing to advocate professionally any private cause for which he is paid, so he is willing to advocate personally any public cause that is likely to pay him. This is an absolute *non sequitur*. It confuses the duty which he owes to his client with the duty which he owes to his country. Those duties are absolutely different. As an honest barrister, his duty to his client is to do his best for a private cause whether he thinks it right or wrong. As an honest citizen, his duty to his country is to do his best for a public cause only when he thinks it is right. To fail to do his best as a barrister because he thinks his client's cause is wrong, would be dishonourable. To do his best as a citizen because he thinks a public cause will profit him, would be dishonourable. And as Lord Erskine said a century ago (and he had, before he came to the Bar, served as an officer both in the Army and in the Navy), there is no profession in existence in which the standard of honour is higher than it is in the profession of the law.

It is this confusion of the advocate with the man which gives rise to the popular distrust of what are called lawyer politicians. That distrust is wholly impersonal, and rarely damages individual counsel who take to public life. In fact, the barrister is a very popular and successful candidate, no matter what party it is to which he attaches himself. This is largely due to his professional training. That training makes him anxious to hear all sides of a question before he decides which side is right. It was a lawyer (Sir James Stephen) who regretted that we had not the Serpent's version of the story of the Fall of Man; and it was a lay magistrate who wished he could decide cases without hearing the evidence for the defence, since when he heard that it so often bothered him. Again, their professional training tends to make them tolerant of the weaknesses, prejudices, and even follies of mankind. Often when a country gentleman or a business man would lose all patience and alienate still more his critics, a lawyer, by a good-natured jest or a genuine attempt to understand their point of view, will conciliate them. Was it not a lawyer, the Catholic counsel Keogh, who, at an Irish election, when a stout Protestant told him he would rather vote for the Devil than for him, gained his vote by the sweet reasonableness of his reply: "I quite see your difficulty," he said, "and can ask you

to support me only if your friend does not stand"?

I have already referred to the curious fact that clients think their counsel are concerned as much as they are when cases end in disaster. A barrister always wishes to win his cases: it is in that way that professional renown is gained. But when a case goes against him — and he usually has a shrewd notion what way a case will go before it is opened — he takes the result very philosophically. This is largely due to the fact that in civil cases, as often as not, so far as justice is concerned, it matters little what way they go. Many cases on the Common Law side are simply personal quarrels, much on the moral level of dog-fights. The landlord and tenant case I have stated is not a bad example of these. The courts here are useful chiefly as a vent for passions which, if there was no recourse to them, would find an outlet through lethal instruments in the streets. Many cases on the Chancery side are little better. They are merely struggles among packs of ravening relatives or legatees —who too often have flattered or fooled the deceased to the prejudice of juster claims—to get as much as they can of a dead man's estate. I have sometimes thought that the sooner freedom of testation, which is limited in every Continental country, is also limited in England, the better for honesty and justice. As for the law of intestate succession, which often carries a large fortune to the pockets of distant relatives of whose existence the deceased never knew, it is one of the most imbecile of institutions. Nowadays, when a man's widow and children are deprived by death duties of a large and ever larger proportion of the wealth which the husband and father toiled and strove to earn and save for them, it seems nothing short of a public scandal to allow unknown or unloved relatives of distant degree to seize riches which the intestate never intended for them, and to which they have no moral claim, and to make his king and country the last of all possible claimants to his estate. Besides, the distinctions on which some claims succeed and others fail are often "more important in principle than in substance," as the Irish Catholic counsel said of the distinction between Calvinists and Presbyterians when that distinction was kindly revealed to him by a brother barrister who was an Ulster Orangeman. "It is this way, you know, Gerald," said the Orangeman. "The Calvinists believe that all you Papishes go to h—l by predestination. You see it, Gerald?" "I understand," said the Catholic. "Now, on the other hand," the Orangeman proceeded emphatically, "we Presbyterians don't believe that at all. Do you follow me, Gerald?" "I do," answered the gratified Catholic. "No," the Orangeman went on, "we Presbyterians believe that all you Papishes go to h—l on the merits."

And thereupon the Catholic remarked that the distinction seemed to him more important in principle than in substance.

In criminal cases the issues are very different from the usual issues in civil cases. Whether a man is guilty or innocent of a crime is always a grave question which the law and the lawyers are bound to inquire into and determine with vigilance, wisdom, and mercy. And no men recognise this more thoroughly than do the barristers of England. Here they feel that they, almost as much as the judges on the Bench, are the ministers of national justice. There is no indifference among them then as to the result of their cases or as to the fate which befalls their clients. And where, in their opinion, that result is unjust and that fate undeserved, they spare no pains to undo the evil which they believe has been done. Just as in Scotland, nearly two hundred years ago, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, when President of the Court of Session, uncovered and bowed his head when he passed on Leith Links the gibbet where Captain Green had been, in his opinion, unjustly hanged; so, in England in our own day, Charles Russell of Killowen, when Lord Chief Justice, toiled unceasingly for the liberation and vindication of the unhappy Mrs Maybrick, whom he, when at the Bar, had defended, had believed innocent, and had failed to save.

(To be continued.)

A HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.

It was an experiment, of course. Everything the British did in those first months of war was experimental: much of it was improvisation. Our hospital was both. The story of its inception is almost as well known now as the tale of the genesis of the First Hundred Thousand, so I shall not say much about that.

The project had been simmering, I believe, in the mind of the founder from the first, and the great Women's organisation to which she belonged caught up the idea, and helped her to launch it: it was put before the public in concrete form during the last week in October 1914.

Looking back on it now, the difficulties in the way of our leader were colossal. For three months women had been chafing against the official attitude of the Government, which refused, none too sympathetically, all their offers of national service. They were ready then to replace men on the land, in the public transport and communication services, in offices, in hospitals. They volunteered *en masse* for anything the country liked to tell them to do for it, and only asked to be trained. It is a matter of history how they were rebuffed.

The founder of our hospital, nothing daunted, carried her offer of women's assistance to the French military authorities, and by them it was accepted. That was historic, too, because from that action by the French Service de Santé much has developed, culminating now in the admission of women not only to British military hospitals, but to the British military transport and commissariat services, and to certain branches of the naval and flying services.

Of the half-dozen surgeons and physicians who went out in 1914 to found our hospital, there still remain at their posts the surgeon-in-chief, decorated now by the French War Office with the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and the Médaille des Epidémies in gold; and her second in command, who has been given the Médaille des Epidémies in silver-gilt. There is also one staff-nurse, a lady who went out then as an orderly, who remains of that pioneer band. The rest have scattered, many of them only after working at the hospital for periods of a year or longer. And there are still a few promoted orderlies, whose service goes back to the first three months of 1915. Thus, as the hospital lies in what has always technically been the zone of the "front," a goodly number of the staff wear (by courtesy) four and five of the coveted French service *brisques* on their left sleeve. Working with French soldiers one soon acquires their standard of values. A medal —well, is a medal, a recognition of merit that happens to

have been brought to the notice of the authorities who deal out such awards. But the man who can show that he has done four years *au front* by the stripes on his sleeve is a proud and honoured man: and the most glorious and honourable distinction any French soldier can wear is the *fourragère*, the shoulder-cord which shows that his *regiment* has been three or more times cited in the Orders of the Army, and that its colours have been decorated on the field of battle. The *fourragère* "for valour in the field" is for combatant corps; but any man or woman of the French Army Auxiliary services, by courtesy, can sport the more personal distinction betokening one, two, three, or more years' service at the front; and, though our hospital is inordinately proud of the cross of the Légion d'Honneur conferred on its Chief, perhaps it is still more proud of the number of its staff that can show an array of long-service *brisques* on their left sleeve.

Although women-staffed hospitals had already worked with an army in the Balkan wars, and two women-staffed hospitals had been in France before ours, the hospital was essentially an experiment, because not only were its surgeons and physicians women, but it had enlisted women to do the rough work usually done by military orderlies. It was an improvisation, because it was billeted in an uninhabited Gothic *abbaye*, innocent of everything save walls, floors, doors, and windows; and there, in a country district that had been overrun by German soldiers twelve weeks before, it was told to produce, in the briefest possible time, an up-to-date base hospital that must pass the severest Paris tests.

In three weeks the thing was done, after a fashion. There was a hospital, with wards to hold a hundred wounded on the dry upper floors of the building, and there was a beautifully-fitted little operating theatre, with tiled floor, porcelain sinks, radiators, and white enamelled shelves; an X-ray installation, a dispensary, and unlimited hot water. Followed an inspection by Paris authorities, determined to put this "women's show" to the most drastic of tests. Gothic architecture, which provided, somewhat marvellously, for a series of large rooms with sloping roofs, in between the vaulted stone roof of a lofty pillared Refectory hall and the steep outer roof of the building, gave the brass-hatted inspectors their chance. Blame the women for these rooms, and call the space-saving economies of Pierre de Montreuil "cow-sheds," and the thing was done. Brass-hatted inspectordom ordered the wards to be transferred to the ground floor. It might be damp, but at all events it had no sloping ceilings. So the "cow-sheds" (which, since the spring of 1915, named after our Founder, have had years of useful history as modern surgical wards, beloved of patients, staff, and inspectors alike) were dis-

mantled, and the great oak-floored stone halls, with their slender pillars and vaulted ceilings, their oak panels and tall church windows, where the monks of old had lived and studied and worked, were scoured and heated once more, and installed with their rows of scarlet-coverleted beds, their little white wooden bed-tables, their dressing trolleys and screens. Inspectordom was again invited, and this time was unable to withhold its grudging permission to begin work. This was in January 1915.

Luck—or the sound instinct of these eleventh-century monkish builders, whose life was so inextricably mixed up with the fresh-water system of the country—had placed the *abbaye* on the artificially deflected arm of one stream, and within the borders of another, both emptying into the Oise. This second stream became the boundary of the French military zone, and twelve kilometres within the boundary was the junction of C——, always an important railway pivot on the Nord system, destined in this war to become a key station. Here had been established one of the most important *Gares Régulatrices* of the military system for evacuating wounded from the north, through Paris, to the interior. The administrative medical officer in charge of this G.R. had borrowed from the Camp Retranché de Paris (whose zone was extended far to the north of the capital when Galliéni took charge of Paris and set to work to improvise its modern defences) all the hospitals within a twenty-kilometre radius of his headquarters, and among them our abbey. Our hospital thus became attached, through this G.R., to one of the French Armies on the Northern Front, and eventually obtained its wounded direct from the front, as they were distributed through the G.R. at the junction of C——. And C—— was destined, during the first Somme battle of 1916, to be one of the busiest and most important distributing centres for one of the greatest battles of the war, just as Senlis—historic little city!—in the second battle of the Marne resumed for itself—and for us—its importance of 1914.

So chance—or destiny—flung our little emergency unit of women into the one spot in the whole of France where it could prove of greatest value during that great struggle, and that later struggle—for Paris—in June-July 1918, and where it could also seize the opportunity to translate its experiment into successful enterprise, its improvisation into a perfected organisation, functioning at high tension during two critical periods of stress and strain.

My personal recollections of the hospital begin from the last days of February 1915. I found the unit established, and, as the French say, already thoroughly *habitué*. There were two wards on the ground floor of the *abbaye*, and one

on the second floor, in a very beautiful pillared and vaulted room that had once been the monkish library. Its tall church windows looked out to the south-west on the park. North-east, they gave on to a terrace that had been cunningly built upon the top of the cloisters, and ran round the four sides of the cloistered court, trim, patterned with grass plots and miniature paths, with a fountain in the centre. Seventy patients were in hospital, of whom perhaps one half were suffering from slight wounds. The rest were *malades*—poor fellows whom their first winter in the trenches had surprised with weak chests, internal disorders, or physical disabilities of some kind or another. Many of the patients were men of the Territorial Army and its Reserve, who, in the first overwhelming rush of the invasion, had been hustled into the front line to hold up with their outraged patriotism, their red trousers and bad boots, and their old rifles with the sword-bayonets, the flower of the German machine-made army. And, *honneur aux héros!*—they had done it!

My first experience of war at close quarters was in those above-mentioned great rooms, white-washed, with sloping eaves, famous to us ever after as the Cow-sheds. Here, on arrival, I was confronted with seventy piles of filthy, tattered clothing, most of it in sacks, ranged in some semblance of order round and across the room, each sack with a number, from one upwards, corresponding to rough pencil entries in a penny note-book, giving the owner's name and the ward he was in, and the date of his admission. Some of the patients had just been pronounced convalescent, and I was told they would shortly require their kit, disinfected, clean, repaired. In March and April we had a steady flow of wounded from the Somme, from Albert and Doullens—names that sound British to you to-day. They arrived nightly, from our G.R., at about eight o'clock. Sometimes we had as many as a score or more, sometimes as few as half a dozen. The Cow-sheds, with their stinking, crawling burden, became a nightmare. I remember our first great field-day with the soiled clothes, when we had prevailed upon a village washerwoman of pre-Marne days to get her fires and boilers going again. The pile was higher than my own head: we packed the clothes into half a dozen ticking mattress cases, hauled them down the oak stairs, and took them by motor to the village: the reek of them penetrated into the inhabited wing of the hospital and brought a horrified C.M.O. on the scene, who at once acquiesced in our scheme, cost what it might.

By May we had brought order out of chaos. A still larger room at the very summit of the big building had been reconnoitred and commandeered,—a room, I call it, but it ran the length of

an entire wing — one could have set a row of cottages, with their back-yards, inside it. We had rigged a pulley from the entrance-hall, up the well of the great oak staircase, through a hole in the ceiling that must have dated from monkish days, and secured to an oaken log in the vast attics. By this means the sacks and accoutrements were hauled up and let down — a great relief to the present chronicler, who, aforetime, had shouldered them up the innumerable flights of that fine but interminable stairway. Up here, in the then desolate topmost regions of the building, we sulphured the contents of each sack, sorted and marked the dirty linen and all kit and uniform that required repair. Army stocks were for the moment exhausted. Patients had to go out of hospital in the same kit in which they came in, whether destroyed or not, because there was literally nothing to give them to replace it.

Eventually we gave all the mending to a voluntary working party of Frenchwomen in the village, who for nearly three years undertook to mend all the kit and clothing of the men in a hospital that grew, at last, to 400 beds — though, by then, we had our supplies of military kit, and only those garments worth repairing were sent to the wash.

We were a small staff in those early days. Often one of the chauffeurs, or an orderly off duty, would wander up to our top regions to help with the mending. We fed, then, in a tiny annexe to the great monks' kitchen, so crowded up that sometimes three would share two chairs. We were still lacking many of our stores. I remember we used to eat (with a secret grimace) our meat and pudding, army fashion, off the same enamel plate. They were short-handed in the scullery, and sometimes, after a meal, there would be a call for volunteers to wash up, and a doctor, a chauffeur, and an orderly might be seen dabbling together in one greasy bowl, indulging in a friendly squabble over the only available wet cloth for drying purposes.

Very early in our history we grew beyond our original one hundred beds. But, as usual, the new equipment went astray, and there was a raid on staff beds. It used to be uncommonly cold sleeping on the floor. If beds were not forthcoming on the first hint of their need, the Médecin-Chef had a way of giving up hers to start off with. I remember passing on my bed to her the first time. Then she sent it also to the new ward. Meanwhile I had commandeered another. Of course I had to offer it again — we could not have our M.-C. sleeping on the floor. Next time I got a broken bed, which I patched up. It served the purpose fairly well; but again the M.-C. handed over her bed, and was on the floor once more. So, with a sigh, I took along my broken bed, which was retained, I believe, as being too

"groggy" for a wounded man. I had now given up a bed as a bad job, and till the missing equipment had all come I slept resignedly on the floor, or on a stretcher.

Our bedrooms were simply empty cells, with stone walls, oak floors, and lead-paned windows. If you were lucky you got a bed, a bag of ticking filled loosely with straw, and a couple of blankets, with a tin jug and basin and a pail. Other furniture you manufactured from packing-cases. Packing-cases you "acquired." We had not then a proper store-keeper, and stores were just unpacked and dumped in an empty *unlocked* room till required officially. Naturally they were usually "acquired"—unofficially—long before this. There was great competition between the wards. It was improvisation carried to excess. One wing of the *Abbaye* was an inhabited château, and there was a kind of No-Man's-Land in between our domain and that of the *châtelain*. Here had been heaped, pell-mell, all the *débris* of the Nunnery that had been expropriated fourteen years before, and much of the rubbish of the château. It was a happy hunting-ground for us, and wonderful were the articles of furniture contrived from the broken woodwork and smashed boxes and iron lumber piled there in confusion.

We had three sitting-rooms between us. The doctors' room was moderately conventional, with two arm-chairs, a couple of little round tables, and a couch, borrowed from the château. So was the Sisters' room, though here packing-cases did duty as tables. The orderlies' room was the best of the three, for it was a beautiful vaulted room built up by loving, but rather muddled, nuns on the site and to the supposed pattern of King Louis' retreat-cell and his secret staircase to the *Abbaye* church adjoining. Still, if it did not follow the precise lines of the original chamber, it was a fine room, and the whole hospital loved it, despite its appalling untidiness.

Firewood was bought by the hospital in four-foot lengths, unsplit. To save labour in sawing and splitting the logs, the fire in this room was built up with the ends of the logs in the open grate, the rest of the wood sticking out into the room, among people's legs, and getting a kick farther in as the business ends burned down. It was all very messy, very jolly, very friendly—and it was all a very long time ago, though the actual years that have passed are barely four.

During the first year's service we were practically without rules of any description. We were roughly divided into doctors, nurses, and orderlies, but the lines of demarcation were fluid and hardly existed outside working hours. The doctors made no attempt in the early days to keep up their position as officers, except in the wards and the operating theatre and so on. From the point of view of discipline it may have been a mistake, but it produced a hospital organi-

sation that is surely unique. The nursing Sisters, out of working hours, had to make their own tradition of conduct. As for the orderlies, once outside the wards and beyond the jurisdiction of their respective ward Sisters, they were under no restrictions at all. The result was that a body of tradition grew up, and woe betide the individual who transgressed this unwritten code of conduct. There were no bounds except such as the French military authorities themselves set round certain districts, such as G.H.Q., which, for the first year of our existence, were within twelve kilometres of the hospital. G.H.Q.!—magical letters which at once invested that little country town with mysterious import and romantic interest, so that it became the dream of many a nurse's and junior orderly's leisure hours to penetrate its guard! Those who had business there and were allowed to pass the cordon, found the town a very ordinary one, full of soldiers, as any other French town; but the desirability of penetration was a fetish kept up until long after the General Staff had gone and the kindly face of Papa Joffre in the recesses of a swiftly passing motor-car was no longer to be met with on the highroad to Paris.

Military discipline was entirely absent, always, at our hospital. At first its absence in our dealing with the men rather worried the military authorities. Later on they realised that here, too, our experiment had been crowned with success. We were a body of women come out to help the French wounded soldier. We restricted him only within the easy limits of ordinary hospital rules designed for his own welfare and the smooth working of the staff's duties. It was an appeal, the *poilu* conceived it, to his French chivalry. He never failed to come up to the highest demands on it. It was thus he proved his gratitude for our coming. When you consider that during the (first) Somme, and after, the wards were crowded to overflowing with Colonials, men from the Punitive Battalions (*i.e.*, old jail-birds, military prisoners, men who were being given a last chance to redeem their characters in desperate attacks on the German line), Arabs and blacks, not to mention adventurers and crusaders of the Foreign Legion, you will understand how wonderful that sense of chivalry was. Our men behaved themselves because they were Frenchmen (by birth or adoption), and we were British women. That was all there was about it. We had one punishment for offences: evacuation to a regular military hospital! Do not let me be misunderstood. I do not want to imply that French soldiers are all saints—far from it: after all, chivalry is not a Christian virtue, since it inspired a whole philosophy for the warrior gentlemen of Old Japan: it can be practised as prettily by the irreligious and the sinner as by any Christian knight of saintly character. I

have seen it, in this war, practised by women towards men. The only people who seem constitutionally unable to be chivalrous are the Boches; but they are an unhumorous, logically-minded race, incapable of reverence, whose attempts at wit are gross and indecent pleasantries.

Though perhaps the staffing of the hospital with women surgeons is the greatest innovation on the surface, the crux of the experiment was working it with women orderlies. It has been their work that has made the woman-officered hospital possible: it has been their high standard of duty and efficiency that has enabled the woman-officered hospital to forge its way ahead to the very front ranks of surgical success in the French Service de Santé. I do not mean to maintain that our orderlies were all perfect. Some of them were most imperfect! But on the whole they were a fine set: on the whole it is to them that the officers of the hospital owe their opportunities of carrying out their own high ideals. Surgeons and nurses, it must be remembered, were highly trained, specialised women; every sane critic expected them to make good; but the orderlies were untrained, raw material, most of them lacking even the personal discipline that comes from going down into the world's arena and competing there for a living. Even in the matter of physical strength they came up to a male standard for the first two years. Throughout the rush of work that came to the hospital during the Somme battle, when the convalescents who usually give a hand in hospital work had been evacuated, and the wounded poured in all day and all night long in a steady stream, every stretcher had to be carried upstairs to the wards, the X-ray rooms, and the operating theatre, by women. How arms and shoulders ached after it. The girl chauffeurs, too, handled all the cases and bales of equipment that came to our station about once a fortnight. I have known them, during the coal shortage of the winter of 1916, fill 1 cwt. sacks with coal from a wholesale yard half-way to Paris, load up the lorry with them (it had only a 15-cwt. capacity), discharge the load on the hospital coal dump, and drive back for more, till some 20 to 40 tons had been hauled in this way—just in time to prevent the ward stoves from going out.

In the end they became, not merely highly efficient orderlies, but well-trained, specialised nurses. I say specialised advisedly, for there was a great deal about ordinary routine medical nursing that they did not know.

Naturally, as the years went on, those who remained at the hospital sought and expected more responsible work, some sort of recognition and promotion. It was the recognised problem of the V.A.D. and the professional nursing Sister, aggravated by the special anomaly of the original amateur co-founders

and maintainers of a unique institution, being placed by force of circumstances in an inferior position to the professional worker imported from outside for brief periods of service. It is very much to the credit of all concerned that in spite of such difficulties and the consequent anomalies, the staff of our hospital always pulled gallantly together, so far as its professional work was concerned, and found in hundreds of ways common ground of interest where such problems were set aside and forgotten.

Some of the ward orderlies have now received a measure of promotion. Others had greater scope for individual organisation and skill, as they were placed at the head of such departments as the *Vestiaire*, the Dry Goods Store, and the Food Store. The chauffeurs, also, had their own department, under their own Chef de Service (always the senior chauffeur), with their own little room at the garage and their own separate life — a much wider one than that of any other part of the personnel, excepting the senior medical officers.

Having voluntarily relinquished charge of the *Vestiaire* to my subordinate, a much more capable successor, in favour of learning, as an orderly, more interesting work in the X-ray department, I was helped in every possible way to develop what originally was nothing more than some amateur skill in photography into a practical working knowledge of radiography, so that, for the last months of my life at the hospital, I was in charge of the department I had entered, as an orderly, more than two years before. My fellow-assistant, who rose with me, and who had been an orderly in the department when I was still in the *Vestiaire*, was the head of the department until, with the Amiens offensive and the pressure of work it brought to our hospital, her health broke down. We both had the luck, helped by photographic knowledge, to get into the only medical department in which a lay person could rise to full charge with the status of an officer.

As our hospital grew in size and numbers, it grew, too, in rigidity and convention. Where tradition had served as ample guide for the few who had watched over its birth and infancy, regulations and restrictions, rules and maxims, had to be introduced.

During the battle of the Somme the strain on us was terrific — physically, psychologically. We were stretched taut, and not a strand of the rope was frayed. We held! To drop metaphor—during the Somme battle, which, in its effects on our hospital, I have described already for readers of 'Maga,'[1] we treated very seriously wounded cases which were brought to us straight from the forward dressing

[1] "The First Week of the First Great Push"—'Blackwood's Magazine,' March 1917.

stations by train to C——, and thence to the hospital in our own ambulances. Sometimes we got the men on to the operating-table within twelve hours of being wounded. That sounds an odd boast to-day, when wounded men are often operated on a few miles behind the firing line; but under the old system of evacuating them by train to a number of distributing stations on the railway, which in turn distributed them to the various hospitals in each district, it was considered to be quick work. You must remember that the men fought on the Somme, and that we were situated only 30 kilometres north of Paris. . . . The best comment on the system is that it was radically altered after the first battle of the Somme. Ninety per cent of our cases were already gangrenous when they reached us. We had accommodation for 400, and for weeks we worked, once we were filled, with never a bed to spare. Our operating theatre was hardly left vacant long enough to be cleaned during the small hours, and it became a problem how to air the X-ray rooms during the short hours of dawn that stretched between the ending of one day's work and the beginning of another's. We were fighting gas gangrene, and time was the factor that counted most. We dared not stop work in the theatre until it became physically impossible to continue. For us who worked, and for those patient suffering men, lying all along the corridor outside the X-ray rooms and theatre, on stretchers, waiting their turn, it was a nightmare of glaring lights, of appalling stenches of ether and chloroform, and the violent sparking of tired, rapidly hardening X-ray tubes, of scores of wet negatives that were seized upon by their respective surgeons and taken into the hot theatre before they had even had time to be rinsed in the Dark Room. Beneath and beyond the anxiety of saving men's lives, there were the undercurrent anxiety of the theatre staff as to whether the boiling of instruments and gloves could be kept level with the rapidity with which the cases were carried in and put on the table, as to whether the gauze and wool and swabs would last!—and with us it was anxiety for the life of our hard-worked, overheated tubes, anxiety to get the gas gangrene plates developed first, to persuade them to dry, to keep the cases of each of the six surgeons separate, to see that they did not walk off with the wrong plates—for we had pictures that were almost identical, duplications of names, and such little complications. And it all had to be done in a tearing hurry, at the end of a day that had already lasted anything from ten to eighteen hours, and no mistakes to be made. I do not think we lost a single case from delay in locating the trouble and operating in all that first terrible week of July. The losses were

due to delay in reaching the hospitals.

Our experience, as that of other hospitals, must have been a deciding factor in the decision of the French authorities entirely to reorganise the system of dealing with the wounded. Hence in 1917, during the brief April offensive, and in the autumn of the same year during the successful attack on the Chemin des Dames, the French wounded were not evacuated directly by train to permanent base hospitals outside the danger zone. They were dealt with in enormous temporary camp hospitals installed as near the firing line as practicable, cutting out, wherever possible, any train journey at all. Here their wounds were cleaned up and drained freely by spartan surgical operations, and all foreign bodies removed which could be found without prolonged exploration and precise localisation. The happy result was that very few of the wounds became gangrenous, and hundreds of men kept limbs and life where under the old system which hustled them off to the rear, *out of harm's way, to the greater comfort of the base hospitals*, they would have lost both. Within a few days, all cases but those to which a journey might involve danger to head, chest, or abdominal wounds, were sent on to other more comfortably installed hospitals farther back, where the incisions made were sewn up, and any remaining foreign bodies localised and taken out. Such a system, apart from the geographical changes in the front, was bound to affect the work of our hospital. Instead of receiving the critical cases for operation on arrival by our own surgeons, we became, along with the other base hospitals, a sort of depôt for the surgical cases that merely required skilled dressing or small secondary operations, and good care until they were sufficiently recovered to travel long distances to convalescent hospitals in the interior—or, in the case of slight wounds, to go on leave preparatory to returning to the front. (Certain cases were permitted to pass their period of convalescence at their own homes—a privilege diligently sought after by all the suitable cases.) Also, as we had won a high name for surgery, we received large convoys of sick and unfit men whose condition necessitated surgical intervention of a more conventional order. Useful work, but routine work, and therefore a little monotonous,—work which required doing, but which might be done—within limits—at any time, in any hospital.

It was during the summer of 1917 that we branched out into a second hospital. April had witnessed tragedy in the Champagne: tragedy in which wounded men as well as the troops bore their share. I suppose it was vowed by men in authority that when the carefully prepared autumn attack on the Chemin des Dames should take place, there would be such a prodigal supply of

accommodation for the wounded that even in the unlikely contingency of a reverse and a successful German counter-attack, there should be adequate provision. Hence our offer to provide a hospital on that front was received with gratitude, and an old evacuation centre on a branch railway—a camp of hutments almost on the direct line to Soissons and Vauxaillon—was furbished up and placed at our disposal. There our new hospital sprang up, mushroom-like. Nothing could have been more different than this ultra-modern *baraque* hospital from our own ancient *Abbaye*. Rows of wooden huts, with oiled-paper windows and composition roofs, on either side a new road sweeping through the camp to the railway line at the back, each with its sharply-cut trench, its duck-board walk and bridge. It made no mark for the eye at even a very little distance, the plough-land coming up to it in waves, the forest screening it. In a few years, one felt, no trace of it would be there—the corn and the trees would have grown over its very site.

As a hospital it was equipped with our best, staffed with our finest, and the long breathing-space between its inception in July and the actual attack in October 1917 gave ample opportunity to perfect the most insignificant detail. Yet, when the attack developed, it was only as a Reserve Hospital that our people waited, breathless. It could only have been under a reverse that the new hospital would have been called upon to play a part like that the *Abbaye* had played during the Somme. Yet they waited, tense, expectant—and we, at the old hospital, at the other end of a wire, waited too, half jealous of the possibilities of work before this new upstart child of ours, half afraid that after all it would not get its chance to prove its parentage! Happily the attack was successful beyond all expectation. The hospitals in reserve, ours among them, had not been needed. The reason for its waiting, empty, having ceased to exist, it was made use of, desultorily, as a hospital for light cases, and later for *malades* and ordinary operation cases.

If life in the early days of the *Abbaye* had been free and unrestrained, here in camp it became entirely untrammelled. Right through to the winter, when the thermometer in the staff huts stood twenty-two degrees below zero, our women led the roughest of open-air existence. Nothing resembled life at the *Abbaye* except the same old spirit of chivalry in the men, and for the same reason—they were Frenchmen, our folk were women, and allies. Here, even more than at the *Abbaye*, the men were free, and unrestricted by rules and discipline. Yet here also they behaved always like the gentlemen they were—and the kind of gentleman a French *poilu* can be is a very fine gentleman indeed: a primitive gentleman, if you will, lacking certain shy and self-conscious reticences inseparable from the

Englishman's notion of gentlehood, but in essence and intention a gentleman of the finest water. In the Somme we had come to know the Colonials, the Moroccan Divisions, "Marchand's Lambs," some very fine regiments of the Nord—all picked units that lead every great advance. At the new hospital we came to know two others among those picked troops, the Zouaves and the Chasseurs. Suicide troops you can call them if you will, but their valour is not the foolhardiness of those who know no fear: it is the tempered, cool courage of intelligent men. These attacking Divisions have the best brains of the Army, the most high-strung nerve, the most sensitive imagination—France's best, that leads, and deliberately sacrifices itself for the glory of maintaining that tradition of leadership.

At our new *barraque* hospital we had certain innovations, departing utterly from our old principle of the woman-staffed hospital, for the military authorities allocated to us a score of military orderlies—unfit and convalescent men, still technically patients at the neighbouring huge hospital for *malades*, in connection with which our own was originally established. They were not of very much use as trained hospital orderlies, though as hewers of wood and drawers of water, easy-going substitutes for our own junior orderlies in the more unskilled and menial tasks, they were of considerable assistance in a scattered camp.

When my (self-set) three years' term of service was almost finished, I had the opportunity of working for a few weeks as *locum* at this new hospital. This was in the winter of 1917. I saw for myself what a creditable offspring of our old hospital this new one was. We had one busy week while I was there, when a train of wounded was unloaded at our siding, and about a hundred of our beds were filled. During the remainder of the time we were not particularly busy, and I had opportunity for long walks in the forest of Villers Cotterets, visits to Corcy, Longpont, and the war-scarred little hamlet that sits on the crest of a hill, on the doorstep as it were, of Cœuvres. I drove, too, with our milk-collecting car through the forest to La Ferté Millon, across the plain of the Ourcq to Chézy. It was ground of extraordinary interest. It all spoke of the great battle of the Marne that in 1914 saved Paris and the Allied cause. Just as when, in June, I had gone with an emergency canteen party from our *Abbaye* to Soissons, and had been taken over the reconquered country from the Pont des Anglais to the cross-roads leading to Laffaux Mill, and back across the Aisne through Venizel, I had thrilled to its *past history*, its past connection with France's martyrdom and the "Contemptible Little Army"; so now it was of the glorious victory of 1914 that I thought as I looked across that huge campaigning ground that is

cut across by the Ourcq and bounded by the Aisne and the Marne: it was the agony of 1914 that was brought home to me in the forest, with its shell-torn trees, its little scattered graves of Scottish Highlanders and English Guardsmen. Nothing was further from our thoughts, in 1917, than a second agony of anxiety for Paris in the forest of Villers Cotterets, a second great victory of the Marne. As little did we, at the *Abbaye*, dream that Noyon, the town from which, during 1917, our light cases were evacuated to us, would once more become German, and that quiet little Compiégne, where the washing was sent and our chauffeurs got their driving-passes, in four months' time would be evacuated by all but the vanguard of an army barring the road along the Oise valley to Paris.

I had been in London four months when the blow fell, and the enemy tried so hard to drive his wedge between the British and French forces down our own valley of the Oise to the heart of France. It seemed dreadful to be at home then. I knew what must be happening at the hospital. It was the rush of work of which I was thinking. What I had not pictured was the pitiable stream of refugees, moving Paris-wards; the silent packing up of our own village neighbours; the stragglers from the battered British Fifth Army. What I had never even imagined was the anxiety at Soissons—at Villers Cotterets even, down whose forest roads our other hospital had the pain of watching British troops marching in retreat. . . .

The people at the *Abbaye* never faced the possibility of evacuation, and the fact that no steps whatever were taken to prepare for such an eventuality had its steadying effect on the scattered population of the countryside. Still they prepared for flight; they had had the Germans there before. At the other hospital, however, the possibility of the wedge being successfully driven was contemplated, and the consequent withdrawal from the Aisne that such a disaster would have involved. Each member of the staff had a packed knapsack, and knew that a German success at Compiégne, say, would mean swift evacuation for the hospital on the edge of the other great forest watch-tower of Paris. Some of the tired British troops rested at the hospital as they passed, marvelling that British women still were there. They left behind them a memento—a little old fox-terrier dog with an unashamedly vulgar tail that curled over his back. The battery passed on; the little dog was missed, but could not be found. Hours later he was discovered, draggled, caked with mud, curled up on the bed of the young Vaguemestre, who promptly adopted him as the hospital mascot.

It was not till April that they sent for me at the *Abbaye*. The strain of that month's work in the Oise valley, coming on top of an illness barely

recovered from, had broken my old X-ray colleague's health, and they wanted me temporarily to take her place in charge of my old department. I crossed by the short Channel route and made the long railway detour necessitated by the bombardment of Amiens, round by Le Treport and Beauvais. That journey revealed to me the new martyrdom of France and reinitiated me into the old unconquerable spirit of the French people, for our train was besieged by hundreds of refugees from the British front. In my carriage they were mostly from Merville, just evacuated under a bombardment that had destroyed their homes. They had nothing left to them but what they wore on their backs. But they had an indomitable courage, a fine faith in our soldiers. "We shall be back in a month or two: the *sale Boche* will find it is his turn to be driven back before so very long!" they said with quiet confidence. And to-day Merville is liberated.

When I arrived at the old hospital it was strangely different, yet the same in essentials. The War had come close to us again. Troops and guns streamed along the roads. Newly-cut trenches disfigured the fields. A great bomb-hole, full of water like a pond, gaped not fifty yards from the Concierge's lodge. The Noyon-Montdidier front had stabilised, and the rush of work from the offensive of March 21 was just over. We had steady routine work for about three weeks, then a week in mid-May of comparative idleness. Our more tired workers were being sent to Villers Cotterets for a rest, and some of the fresh workers from there, who had had an idle spring, came down to the *Abbaye* to relieve them. And then one morning —it was the 27th May—our Médecin-Chef came back from local (medical) headquarters with a sheaf of sudden orders. She had always maintained an isolated view that the next chapter in the story of the campaign would open on the Aisne: it was a kind of presentiment, an *idée fixe*, and she had taken it into deliberate account in making plans for the two hospitals. A list of staff to be transferred to the Villers Cotterets hospital was in existence; those members of the personnel whose names were on it had been warned long since to be in readiness to move at two hours' notice. So that afternoon two car-loads of rather bewildered, somewhat sceptical staff accompanied her to our hut hospital on the borders of the great forest. We at the *Abbaye* heard little of them for two days. But the news of the German surprise offensive on the Aisne filled us with anxiety. We heard late on the 28th that our people were acting as a Casualty Clearing Station, that the theatre staff we had sent up had not been to bed, but was operating ceaselessly night and day. Next we heard, with profound relief, that the hospital was to be evacuated to Meaux. We also received an order from our chief that we

were to empty our *Abbaye* and have as many beds ready for eventualities as possible. Then silence. On the 30th the news in the communiqué was so bad that we felt justified in fearing that Villers Cotterets was already in German hands. We had spent the night of the 29th and the early morning of the 30th in evacuating the wounded from our hospital; I think we had reduced our number to sixteen! Then came a telephone message from our Médecin-Chef, laconic, unembroidered: "Send up all the cars you possibly can immediately to evacuate the hospital." So they were still there! and the enemy, for all we knew, on the point of entering the town. How our remaining chauffeurs worked! for the two who had taken up staff had not come back. Afterwards we learned that they had been commandeered by the authorities to help evacuate Soissons.

Everything on wheels at the garage was made to go somehow, and volunteer drivers for the extra ambulances found among the orderlies. One of the temporarily broken-down cars had to have a driver and a mate to pump petrol all the way. Another was taken off the jacks by our mechanic (a wounded soldier awaiting his discharge), patched up, and put on the road within a couple of hours. I do not know how much they all exceeded the speed limit that evening on the stretches of road that were clear. There were miles when they had to creep in and out of more slowly moving convoys. As they neared Villers Cotterets they met unceasing traffic—the mixed sad traffic of a forced retreat. The Germans were already shelling the town, and were reported to be at Longpont, seven kilometres distant by forest path from the hospital camp.

Meanwhile the order to evacuate to Meaux had been rescinded, and a counter-order received that the hospital was to unpack its outfit and be ready to receive a hundred seriously wounded cases at once. So the equipment, packed in haste, was unpacked again in record time, the beds set up, the theatre re-furnished and stocked, and the X-ray plant re-wired and re-erected. (It was not Field equipment either, but the best base hospital outfit.) After that there had been no pause in the work till 1 P.M. on the 30th—the day of the message to us—and Villers Cotterets had been bombarded from the air by night and by day. During the night of the 29th (while we at the *Abbaye* had been getting through our emergency evacuation to the accompaniment of our nightly air raid) the immediate neighbourhood of the camp had been attacked with such fury that the hospital—in pitch darkness except for the theatre, where they made shift to work by the light of a couple of carefully shaded candles—escaped as by a miracle. The theatre, into which the wounded men were carried just as they had fallen, was described to me afterwards

by the orderly, who acted as second Sister, as a hell and as a shambles. Nine thigh amputations running; men literally shot to pieces; the crashing of bombs and thunder of ever-approaching guns; the explosion of a train of munitions on the line; next, the destruction of a level-crossing keeper's cottage within a stone's-throw of their own siding; the operating hut, with its plank floor and the tables and the instruments on them literally dancing to the explosions; the flickering candles; the anxiety lest the operated cases might hæmorrhage and die in the dark; the knowledge that the next bomb might get them; the still more awful fear that the French might have miscalculated — that the door might be thrown open and a German officer walk in on them. . . . (It had happened to a French hospital nearer the Aisne.)

They had worked on up till the last moment, hardly heeding, after the terror of the exploding bombs, the long whine, sharpening to a scream, at regular intervals overhead that told of enemy shells. Then the military authorities gave the order that not a single further case must be operated on—that the hospital must be evacuated at once. The relief of the poor fellows lying helpless in the wards was pitiful. For some of them the long road journey by ambulance to safety from the enemy might mean death, but they were all glad to go. No Allied soldier can contemplate without horror such a fate as falling, helpless, into the hands of the Boche.

Meanwhile, the two cars that had gone up with the staff, and had been with them since the evacuation of Soissons, had filled up with some of the younger girls, and come through to us at the *Abbaye*, bringing us the first detailed news we had.

It was an American ambulance section that had taken our wounded away, with one of the Sisters on each car to keep an eye on the operation cases. Next, the Médecin-Chef had despatched two parties of the juniors, in charge of two of the younger doctors, on foot, with instructions to make their way as best they could, *vid* Crépy-en-Valois and Senlis, to the *Abbaye*. Some of them, we learned later, got lifts in military *camions;* some of them were able to board a train of empty trucks at Vaumoise, and thence to travel by stages to Chantilly. You can picture them, each with her knapsack and an odd bundle or two, sitting in a tightly packed row on the floor of a dirty truck, their legs dangling over the edge, their heads nodding as they dozed, even under such conditions, so tired were they. Most of them were eventually picked up by our ambulances at Crépy or Senlis. Some were so tired after the unceasing strain and the long march, that they stopped the night at villages *en route*— only to be disturbed most vilely by Flying Fritz, who was exceedingly prodigal of

his bombs just then. Two Sisters, with a *sangfroid* which I envied them, spent the night *at a railway junction* in a railway carriage that had been damaged by a bomb on the preceding night—and slept! A small party remained with the Médecin-Chef at the camp, hours after the last wounded man had been taken to safety, collecting and roughly packing the more valuable equipment—such as drugs, dressings, and electrical apparatus—in case the military authorities should later be able to transport it to the rear. Everything, including the trunks of the personnel, was stacked up on the hospital railway siding under shelter. When our cars got through to them, German aeroplanes were renewing the attack on the town, and the shelling was becoming unhealthy. A bag or suit-case apiece for each member of the staff, the theatre instruments, and some X-ray tubes were packed into the lorry with about eight of the party, the rest coming on in two ambulances.

The first of our cars to get back to us from Villers Cotterets—one of those that had been there since the 27th—brought us disquieting news of the fast approach and near neighbourhood of the Germans. When a bomb fell, as it seemed to our strained ears, in a field just behind us, and a big machine just skimmed the ruined tower above our heads, we plunged into the old monkish cellars beneath the *Abbaye* and waited tensely. . . . But no bomb fell on the building, or near it. Instead, we heard the welcome hum of our own lorry's engine, which came creeping, all lights out, into the garage yard. A very tightly packed and shaken party—including the fox-terrier—tumbled out. They had run right through the centre of the air attack as it had concentrated on a certain town on their road, chased, as it had seemed to their excited ears, by a low-flying bomber.

All our cars were in by 5 A.M., and all had had adventures. And all the chauffeurs, within the next two weeks, made still closer acquaintance with Flying Fritz, for from that morning we collected our wounded from Senlis, and the roads were attacked nightly. Most of them made tip-and-run dashes into Villers Cotterets to salve the X-ray apparatus, dressings, and drugs, and the trunks of the personnel, until they were forbidden to take such risks for any but wounded men. Night after night they faced the raiders, for from about the middle of May until July the enemy came over practically every night, and if he did not always visit our immediate neighbourhood, our drivers usually had to meet him somewhere on their long run to Senlis, and they had some narrow shaves. It is bad luck on the wounded, for, from the moment they are hit till they get well into the interior if they are French, and into the

country if they are British, the Boche is after them,—in their ambulances on the roads in France, in the base hospitals, in the trains—and if they are British, in the hospital ships coming over to England. Air raids are trying to any creature, but to a helpless wounded man, with nerves perhaps still on edge from the racket and tumult of the battle, they can be hell. The marvel is that so many scarcely heed them. Many of our men sleep through the noisiest and nearest of raids. I do not know when our drivers slept, for they were on the road night and day, what with bringing men in and taking them out, and doing extra runs to other hospitals from the distant H.O.E.

On the 31st May began for us at the *Abbaye* the period of the greatest stress and strain our staff has ever known. During the first battle of the Somme we had had the consciousness of meeting a crisis fresh, with something in hand. There was never any danger of our organisation being strained to snapping point. This time we were tried up to and beyond our strength. And we started tired. The Villers Cotterets hospital was officially evacuated on to us, and carried on in amalgamation with us. Somehow or other we managed to provide 480 beds. . . . They even stood in a serried rank all round the four sides of the *Abbaye* cloisters. In this great surprise drive the Germans had swept away all the hospitals between Soissons and Villers Cotterets. Normally, the wounded from the forest would have been evacuated rearwards, towards Meaux. But there were German troops at Longpont, and Germans were shelling La Ferté Millon. And the French were not facing the Aisne, with their backs to Meaux. They were standing across the Villers Cotterets Forest, obliquely facing the Ourcq, with their backs to Senlis and the Oise Valley, their left swinging up to Cœuvres and the Compiégne Forest, their right pushed down on to the Ourcq. So the wounded from that magnificent army that held the second Forest Gate to Paris were taken by road to Senlis, where an H.O.E. or Hôpital d'Evacuation had been hastily set up in tents, and thence distributed to the scattered hospitals of the district around, again by motor ambulance. Our own old Distributing Station had removed from its former quarters at C—— to a neighbourhood less frequented by Flying Fritz than an important railway junction, and to a line whence, under conditions subsequent to the German advance towards the Amiens-Paris communications, we at the *Abbaye* should only receive through it evacuations from the Beauvais district. We were thus a godsend to the sorely-pressed H.O.E. at Senlis, and they flooded us with badly wounded cases. In obedience to our Médecin-Chef's inspired telephone message received on the 29th, we had emptied our hospital of the March-April cases, all but about a dozen.

In three days we were full to overflowing. In fifteen days we had brought in, X-rayed, and operated on, one thousand wounded men. On several days our six drivers brought in one hundred cases from Senlis (a fifteen kilometre run) and evacuated another hundred to our new H.O.E. for the northern front, eight kilometres distant in the opposite direction. I do not remember how many men were brought in during the twenty-four hours of that first day—31st May—but I know that I, personally, made eighty-five X-ray examinations, and that neither my assistant nor the developer in the Dark Room got to bed until the dawn. I went on until the assistant from the Villers Cotterets hospital relieved me at 9 A.M., and did not go on duty again until noon. We worked at this pressure in the X-ray Department until the 4th June, when the Villers Cotterets radiographer rigged up the salved outfit and started in to help us. The heaviest week for the Villers *équipe* was the one that followed, from 9th June till 15th, in which period they made 164 examinations. And in all the history of the camp hospital—that is, from August 1917 till the day they evacuated it—they had made less than a thousand X-ray examinations. Our own Abbaye *équipe*, from the 31st May until 13th July (the period of the Aisne fighting) made 1100 X-ray examinations, against some 9000 of its entire three and a half years' career, the total figures for both *équipes* bringing that total up to 1680 examinations for the six weeks. (In normal times the proportion of screen examinations to plates was about one to four, but when working at such high pressure many of the cases were only screened and the position of the foreign body marked in two positions at righ. angles to each other, and the proportion then worked out at about 40 per cent.) If we were overwhelmed with work in the X-ray Department, the Operating Theatre staff was even harder pressed. Two extra emergency theatres were opened. With three theatres working all day and two of them all night, it can be imagined how the surgeons were pressed, and how near the anæsthetists came to being anæsthetised themselves. I do not think the Médecin-Chef or the "Second-in-Command" ever got more than three hours rest in the twenty-four during that first strenuous fortnight. The X-ray and theatre staffs, after the first two or three days, when they fared equally badly in the matter of sleep, roughly organised themselves into shifts working eighteen hours and resting six. Thus we were able to cope with it, but at the cost of such a severe physical and mental strain on those who were already tired with two or three years' work at the hospital, that some of them were worked out by August who might otherwise have carried on until the end of the war. However, they coped with it, and that was the main thing. To take up

my old metaphor of the rope —this time it frayed — some strands even broke. Yet in effect it held. We only lost forty out of the thousand gravely wounded men brought to us in that first fifteen days. Some of those losses, even in that nightmare of suffering and unceasing work, seemed doubly sad—to touch us personally. Perhaps it was because we had been brought so near to the battle. Some of us had been in the forest. All of us were behind it—in the valley of the Oise—in the path of the enemy progress to Paris, *if that forest gateway did not hold.* And the men who were so gallantly, and with such a full appreciation of the situation, holding it, were brought to us when they fell, by road, within a few hours of the attack or counter-attack in which they had been wounded. We did not have to wait for our papers for news of the fluctuations of that death struggle. It came to us hourly, on the lips of men mortally hurt, yet full of the sense of their personal responsibility, of a fine determination that the enemy *should not pass.* It was the spirit of Verdun over again.

In the early part of the struggle, when the fate of Villers Cotterets was in the balance, there came to us a gallant old colonel of *huzzards*, with his commandant, and two or three of his junior officers. He had heard about our hospital. He had faith in the methods by which we combated that dreaded enemy—gas gangrene; he had asked that he should be sent to us with his officers. Already we had some of his troopers. He was brought to my table to be examined, and he was wounded in several places, with a badly smashed elbow and upper arm. He was courteous and brave, and seeing that he was a heavy man and the stretcher-bearers too busy to stay and help move the patients, he tried hard to accommodate his poor suffering body to the number of positions necessary for localising the different pieces of shell, speaking all the while politely in his laboured English. The regiment had been rushed up as reinforcements, as usually happens in an emergency with France's splendid cavalry (which for four weary years has taken its turn in the trenches with the infantry), and then dismounted. In an open corn-field it had faced and held the enemy while other troops were thus being enabled to retire to stronger positions. They had been well-nigh cut to pieces. He did not attempt to disguise the gravity of the situation: he had never imagined that there could be so many Germans, he said wearily, smiling. Yes, they were still falling back, but slowly. Yet, somehow, those grave tidings, coming from the commander of such a regiment, with such a story, filled me with confidence, not dismay. With such troops to bar their way, the Germans might advance still farther—*but they would not pass!* And his arm? He was interested, not anxious. The smash was

not too grave in itself: he would very likely keep his arm; but there was always the danger of infection. . . . Yes, he understood that. But he had heard that here, at our hospital, we acted quickly, drastically. Here, even if there were infection, with such prompt radical treatment, one had the best chance. . . . There seemed, indeed, full ground for hope. Yet some days later, after drastic treatment—his arm had been amputated, large incisions made, serum given—the old colonel was buried at our little village churchyard. I was examining one of his troopers at the hour the colonel died. The man was a Corsican, with a bullet in his body that had traversed vital abdominal organs, and he was in great pain. He asked after his colonel—a good man, he told me. Not only a just man whom his men would follow anywhere because he was just, and though kind, a strict disciplinarian, but a man with the fine brain of the accomplished soldier. Such a one—he must not die: it would be a loss to the French Army: there were others who were good officers, and as just as he; but there were not many with his gifts, his intellect, his skill in warfare. If he died, it would be a loss to the campaign—was already a serious loss in that he was severely wounded and thus out of it. I did think, did I not, that we could save him. I dared not tell him, as he himself was about to undergo a critical operation, that his colonel had just died. The trooper himself followed the colonel not many days later.

How one learned to hate and dread the deadly gas infection. Usually it proclaimed itself unmistakably enough to one of the senses. Sometimes it was latent and localised; sometimes latent, and then, suddenly, would light up and destroy its victim almost before its presence could be discovered and the unfortunate man rushed, out of his turn, to the operating-table. That was always the problem—to take the most urgent cases first, for by the time one convoy had been examined and graded for priority of operation, another had come in, and the order had to be upset, for here were new cases worse than the "next on the list" of the preceding lot; and by the time these had been done, and the original list resumed, some poor fellow far down on it had run up a temperature, and the deadly infection had lighted up in some unsuspected way, and there followed an amputation; while others, now equally bad, waited. It so often happened that two men, let us say, graded A and G when examined at a certain hour, in two hours would have changed places, A's condition remaining stationary, while G's became progressively worse. Since the early days of the War the X-ray plate has had its share in detecting the lurking enemy. As a rule, with gas infection, the radiographic plate merely confirms the ex-

amining surgeon's diagnosis. Occasionally, in rush work such as ours was, when the cursory examination of the wounded man on his admission gives no hint of gas infection, the plate reveals the fact that the anærobe is at work in the soft tissues lying deeper than the wound; or that gas, perhaps at some distance from the entrance wound, is beginning to track along the muscle sheaths. It is when the radiographer gets such an indication—say, in the case of a wounded knee, with gas tracking up the thigh—that the plate is of supreme value; for in such a case it is on the radiologist's report, and not on the grading of the examining surgeon, that the man is sent straight into the operating theatre, that the knife and the Pasteur serum may between them arrest the mischief before it has gone too far. An indication to be of any real value is bound to be very slight, for if there is much radiographic evidence of gas, the infection is far advanced, and the loss of the limb almost certain. Further, when the infection is thus far advanced, it is not only clinically evident without any confirmation being necessary from bacteriologist or radiographer, but it has other patent means of proclaiming itself to any person not destitute of his olfactory responses. The aim of the radiographer then, in assisting to detect latent infection by anærobes which may at any moment light up, and if unchecked run through all the stages until the flesh becomes gangrenous, is to produce negatives in every instance of such fine quality that the slightest indication of the presence of gas in the soft tissues may be clearly visible; and secondly, in order that his reading of the plate may not be confused by the shadows of gauze or wool, or uniform fabric in the wound itself, or even by medicaments in the dressings that photograph in identically the same manner as gas, to radiograph wounds wherever possible without a scrap of dressing on them. As wounded men are often placed on the X-ray table with tourniquets on, and the first dressings supplied at the *Poste de Secours*, it can be understood that this second is very often impossible—indeed, most bad fractures have to be radiographed through the emergency splints!—and that therefore the radiographer must be familiar with all the appearances that may photograph like gas, and especially with the characteristic bubbles or striation that correspond, roughly, with certain combinations of bacteria. One may often be deceived into reporting gas when there is no gas: with good negatives it should be impossible ever to miss a gas indication if it is there. Consequently the radiologist may justly claim that the X-ray is doing its part in combating the progress of gas infection in all hospitals where it is routine to examine newly wounded men before they pass on to the operating theatre.

There was another officer that came to my table. He seemed very uneasy about himself without appearing to be very ill. He was wounded, practically, all over—told me he had at least forty pieces of shrapnel in him, and I concluded he was peppered and nervous. As it was a case of going right over him from head to feet, I began to examine him at his shoulder and chest, which were peppered, and worked downwards towards his legs. He spoke to me with deep anxiety about the chances of gas infection, and I began to compare his demeanour unfavourably in my mind with that of the average *poilu*. Then I worked down to the near thigh and knee. He was full of shrapnel — large pieces; and even through the fluoroscopic screen I could see the tell-tale gas indications. Hastily I began marking the position of the larger pieces on his skin. Suddenly he became faint and ill. Through the screen I glanced down his leg—more shrapnel; at his other leg, thigh, arm—more shrapnel; at his bandaged head (he had been able to move his head about freely)—still more shrapnel peppered thickly over his scalp. It would have taken me an hour at least to mark them all, even had it been possible to remove them all at one operation: I do not think he had exaggerated when he spoke of forty pieces. I reported him to the theatre next door, and was instructed to go on further with the localising of the pieces, but to send him in directly the case in at the time was carried out. While we waited for the stretcher-bearers (we had had to send for military ones, as with such hundreds of cases coming and going daily the carrying would have been quite beyond the strength of the girls in the wards, even could they have spared the time), the *lieutenant* rallied and began to tell me about himself. He was a man of over forty — had been a Colonial *Préfet*, and had volunteered for service as *simple soldat* when the war broke out. Recently he had been granted a commission, and had married a young wife. Again his anxiety betrayed itself, and this time I could not assure him that he had nothing to fear from the deadly infection. As he was carried away to the theatre, he thanked us for our attention to him, and murmured something about his anxiety being all on account of the young wife—so lately married. He lost his leg, poor fellow, but that did not save his life. He had little chance, with such a mine of metal in him and a virulent infection to fight; and for a Frenchman he was by no means young. They pinned the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour on him just before he died, and his young wife, who had been summoned, desired that it should be buried with him. . . .

It seemed to me that half those gallant *poilus* deserved the Croix de Guerre, the

Médaille Militaire, and the cross of the Legion. And a very large number of our men had won medals.

In those days of stress the wounded were picked up and sent indiscriminately to our hospital. We had several German soldiers, and a German lieutenant. On the whole the German private soldiers were plucky enough, though one, of an incredibly low type of countenance, shocked us with his lack of pluck, his animal intolerance of pain, and his animal desire to bite the thing that came nearest. But the officer behaved like a coward. One hesitates to describe any badly wounded man thus. Still, judged not only by the standard of French courage—admittedly a high one—but by that of his own German "cannon fodder," the man was cowardly. His shrieks and yells of fear, his complete lack of control when in pain, were an outrage to the humanity of all those wounded Frenchmen, and the wounded men of his own race. He complained of his treatment, and was abusive to his nurse. Being very ill, an officer, and a German who played the coward to boot, with whom one could not ask French officers to share a ward, he had to have a room to himself (vacated for him, as it happened, by the very nurse whom he designated by that choice Teutonic epithet of "Schwein"), which necessitated special treatment and considerable extra work. One is proud that the French practice is to make no sort of difference between the wounded, whether Frenchmen or enemies; but when such an one as the *Herr Lieutenant D*—— claims more attention than even our own officers obtained, one wonders bitterly what sort of treatment is being meted out to our men in German hands—the hands of men who can turn machine-guns from aeroplanes on fleeing refugees, drop bombs on hospitals, and deliberately torpedo a hospital ship full of helpless wounded men. All that *Herr Lieutenant D*—— legitimately had to complain of was that his own side's aeroplanes, bombing the neighbouring village, disturbed his rest at night.

Do people at home realise, I wonder, what aerial warfare in France has become? Almost nightly at that period the German machines dashed across the lines and methodically bombed towns and villages—and indeed fields and woods occasionally! They interfered considerably with our work, for we dared not show a light when they were about: they had bombed a hospital within twenty kilometres of us one night when they were working late and the lights showed from the hut windows, and had killed a number of wounded and their military male nurses. It was impossible adequately to darken our vast ecclesiastical windows, hence we had to put out all lights in the corridors, halls, and stairways. Imagine an inky dark corridor full of stretchers of newly wounded—more stretchers being carried

up pitch-dark stairways from unloading ambulances: more stretchers being carried out of theatres with unconscious men on them—the groping in the dark, with the noise of the guns all round, and then the shattering crash and dull quaking of a bomb! And in one of the huge wards—a vast building in which one could place a parish church, with as many lofty windows—and in the half-open cloisters, nurses groping about in the dark, and men beginning to hæmorrhage. Yet a bare light would have invited a bomb, the German aviator being what he is. I have seen one of their *leuchtbombs* suspended in air, lighting up the surrounding country in its evil reddish glow, while the bombs were dropped on a village near us; and later, the poor village victims have been brought in, frightfully injured, those who had not been killed outright. French houses have good cellars, but these villagers had been taken unawares in their beds. The tired working woman does not hear the slow measured throb of the Boche engine approaching—a sound most sinister, that is warranted to wake most of us who have been in hospitals within the raided back areas. An occasional visit by day, with the leisured firing of a gun or two, and the little white puffs of shrapnel smoke in a blue sky, is an interesting incident. The intruder is probably seeking to take photographs; but the bombing by night, night after night, when from a crowded hospital full of helpless men one hears that sinister sound beating nearer and nearer, with the sure knowledge that death and destruction are in store for some hapless mortal somewhere, is horrible. The gross barking of the vulgar Bertha, as you hear the boom of discharge away over the lines, and a second or two later the crash of the explosion out Paris way, is nothing to it: one knows that very few of Bertha's shells do any harm. The air squadrons are a real danger and a very present terror.

A young American sergeant in the French Flying Service, a pilot of a very famous squadron reminiscent of Franco-American friendship in days gone by, was brought to us wounded. He had attacked four German machines, and had been brought down between the lines. One of his opponents swooped low and put a machine-gun bullet into his leg as he lay there among the wreckage of his aeroplane. A Frenchman brought him in and carried him to a *Poste de Secours*, and he was put in an ambulance and sent to us. For a long time he seemed to be doing well once the badly-smashed leg had been amputated, but other internal damage caused by the fall declared itself, and he died in the middle of a startlingly sudden and furious aerial storm that died down as unexpectedly as it arose. His death brought home to us the new and indissoluble bond of fellowship between the three principal Allies fighting on the Western

Front, the devotion of other pilots and French flying men of his Service, some or other of whom came every day to see him; our own sudden shocked sense of loss as though a Britisher had died.

During the early days of July the work had slackened slightly, though the hospital was still uncomfortably full, and the daily operation list often carried us into the night. On July 14 we waited with bated breath—surely the German mind could not resist renewing the offensive on France's great festival of freedom. And nothing happened — nothing but a constant stream of monster guns and companies of little tanks tooling merrily along the roads towards the Forest of Villers Cotterets. Their meaning we only learned on the 18th! At 5 A.M. on the 15th we heard the voice of gross Bertha recommencing as we had heard it on May 27. "The Offensive has begun," we said, and hoped that we were wrong, for we were all tired out. It had begun, and we were a little perturbed at the news. And then, three days later, our ambulances were telephoned for, and a stream of almost deliriously exultant wounded came in proclaiming the fact that we had attacked, successfully, at Villers Cotterets. Still we only thought it was a counter-attack, a distraction on the enemy flank. But the wounded streamed in, numbers of splendid young Americans among them, and always with news of further progress. Our tired-out staff was hardly able to brace itself for this new call on its energies, but the glad news of a real big blow, Foch's counter-offensive at last, so heartened us that it put new life into us. And simultaneously came the news that at the request of the Grand Quartier General itself our hospital had been taken over by the Army Administration from the French Red Cross Society, which during the past three and a half years had merely *lent* us to the army which happened to occupy our sector of the Front and its corresponding back area. This was a compliment. But to be nursing General Mangin's magnificent troops was a privilege.

This time I felt I could watch the hospital effort at a distance (comparatively speaking), for the long exposures to the X-ray which I had been unable to avoid during the May-June offensive had resulted in my having to give up work in the examining room and come right out of the rays. Others had taken my place, having providentially appeared at the right moment, as so often happens in critical situations; and in the comparative peace of the Dark Room, developing the plates for my erstwhile assistant, I could think it all over. The thought that amused me most was my own settled conviction of a few months back that the great work of our hospital had culminated in the first battle of the Somme, and that after the merely useful routine work of 1917 we should never again be called upon to

do such critical and strenuous work as that which we had accomplished during the second six months of 1916. And here we were, breaking all records, and being told to enlarge to six hundred beds. Such is the fortune of war! It was the fortune of war that had placed us there, in the Valley of the Oise, between the two great battlefields of the war, where in turn we had played an important part as an emergency hospital in the first Somme battle and the second battle of the Marne—for in history the German forward movement of May 27 over the Aisne, and the French counter-offensive which drove them back from Château-Thierry and emptied the famous "pocket," will live as one great battle.

During the first week of this fresh fighting, our two X-ray *équipes* made 279 examinations. The theatres were once more working night and day. Worn-out personnel, gone home on leave at the close of June, were beginning to trickle back, refreshed, to relieve the more tired ones. My own three months' temporary re-enlistment was more than over, and I was of no more use as an examining radiologist; there were now sufficient people, too, to undertake the developing and the "reading" and registrar work in connection with the finished plates. So I left France on the day when the high-water mark on the Vesle had been reached and the last bulge in the "pocket" finally pinched out. The second great and critical battle of the Marne was over, and the most brilliant soldier the war has produced was already planning his next great stroke on the Somme. Thousands upon thousands of Americans were arriving; their first self-contained Army was on the point of completion; on every Front their divisions and brigades and regiments had already proved their quality in action; their guns and their aeroplanes had already made an impression on the enemy; their Army Medical Service was in full swing; their transport and re-victualling services showing the hall-mark of American business organisation. One felt that the most critical moment in the history of the war—for the Allies—had passed: we had topped the rise, henceforth we should be going down the hill. It was a good moment at which to have one's work suspended.

My last memory of the hospital is a typical one—an all-night sitting in the theatre, at which I assisted in the humble capacity of an extra orderly to help clean up. The last patient was carried away at four, and we ourselves closed the door at 5 A.M.

SKIA.

THE TEST.

I.

BEYOND the fact that they both belonged to the sea, the *Nan-Ling* and her captain had next to nothing in common. They sailed in company, were tremendously dependent each on the other, and yet there was no contact; taking externals at their face value, they were as unlike as the grub and the butterfly, or any other brace of opposites that fancy may suggest. In this, of course, they offended all the canons of the confraternity of quidnuncs who have made a study of the men who go down to the sea in ships. "As the husband is the wife is," they quote at you, only they substitute "captain" for "husband," and "ship" for "wife," and insist that herein lies one of the iron rules. Baldly stated, the *Nan-Ling* was a marine trollop, and, according to the law of environment, as well as a great mass of precedents, Dixon Gray should have been a down-at-heel shell-back, all his brass-binding tarnished or lost, his garments frowsy, and his habits as indifferent as his dress; but only a glance was required to show that in none of these conditions did theory square with fact. Whatever grace the ship may have flaunted in the days of her youth, by the time that Gray took her in hand she had fallen away to the level of a time-worn, battered old tramp, sailing under the Chinese flag, and owned by a set of men solely intent on squeezing every possible penny out of her as long as cheap patching would keep her afloat. And to this end everything about her equipment was utilitarian; not an ounce of superfluous ornament did she carry. All her paint had a protective object and nothing more, one coat was expected to last the life of two, and her store-room was one of the barest afloat.

From truck to keelson the *Nan-Ling* was dealt with on the same parsimonious plan, all skimping and scraping. Even the dock-wallopers of a dozen ports reproached her with nicknames of their own coining; she was a blot on the sea, to her captain an out-and-out obscenity — a thing of shame and offence. But she served his purpose, and therefore he pretended to laugh at her degradation. At all events, she had at least one redemptive quality. On the outer front of her chart-house she carried a brass plate which gave all the credit for her building to a certain firm on the Clyde, and probably by that fact alone is this chronicle made possible. But for the sterling workmanship which framed her shell and fashioned her engines, she must assur-

edly have gone to the bottom of the China Sea when Dixon Gray applied his terrific test.

Still, she was everything that I have said—a disreputable drab, while her captain was one of the marine aristocrats, young, clean, and well-groomed, scrupulously exact in his dress without being a dandy, and in respect to his manners, written down by some of the landsfolk as "a perfect gentleman." Even when he surrendered his command of the *Argonaut* he carried that part of his character with him. He was also accompanied by the haunting secret which drove him to that momentous change.

As captain of the *Argonaut* there was no mistaking his pride of position, though all the time there was that other side; and in all the strange tangle perhaps the most perplexing circumstance is the fact that no one ever suspected him. But then the man himself was such an unusual blend. "Mind, I'm not a weak man, Mac," he said to Alec Macdonald one day after the chief engineer had penetrated his secret, and, in so doing, established a new link in their friendship. "I won't have that. I'm not what you might call a weak man with a redeeming grain of strength. It's just the reverse with me. In many respects I'm strong—a strong man with a constitutional flaw." And he was right, the signs of strength being so flagrant, so positive, that the baser metal was concealed; they made his shield and buckler, covered him as a garment, and so he was held up as the perfect type, everything that a sailor ought to be. As he walked through the streets of great ports women paid him homage, silent but undisguised; and men, watching him on the bridge of his ship, erect, alert, confident, also rendered him the tribute of envy or admiration, according as they themselves were framed. It was only a handful of his fellow-seafarers, men who forgathered with him in the captain's parlour at Dougal's famous chandlery hard by the Mersey docks, who were conscious of contradictory circumstance; for here his personality was limned against a merciless background, here he had to stand the test of contrast with that gallant company of deep-sea warriors, among whom Dougal's store in Silver Alley ranked next to their own homes, the place where they made their real landfall and departure, and in the intervals of shore freedom exchanged their teeming gossip of the great waters. He was one of them, it is true, but—different. That was the mark of the man—difference. They exhaled the positive tang of the sea in every movement, in themselves, in their tongue—while Dixon Gray with his subdued speech, his reflective manner, his shrinking exclusiveness, suggested rather the library, the study, or the desk. And yet not a man among them ever

doubted his seamanship, his possession of all those abounding qualities that make up a lord of the merchant service, nor did they suspect the skeleton in the cupboard.

Strictly speaking, there were two Dixon Grays—the man as he was known at Dougal's and the man Macdonald discovered on that fog-swamped night at sea when his soul was laid bare. So complete indeed was his disguise that his very weakness was hailed as a sign of strength. At sea they christened him "Captain Dead Slow" because of his passion for caution, and his reputation spreading to the land, he received that supreme commendation, "a safe man with a ship."

He had his narrow escapes, of course; that was inevitable. There was, for example, that day when Andrew Dougal found him alone in the captain's parlour staring in gloomy abstraction at the wall, his fingers beating a tattoo on his chair arm.

"Something wrong, captain?" he was asked, and although he denied the suggestion, his negative was lacking in conviction.

"At least, nothing that matters," he hastily added. "Got my orders, that's all."

"And you don't like them?"

"I don't. North Atlantic. Cargo of heavy goods for Montreal. After that, trust to luck."

Dougal raised his eyebrows. "North Atlantic," he said. "Bit of a change for you, isn't it? Your beat's mostly been East Indies and Pacific, eh?"

Ignoring the question, the captain of the *Argonaut* broke into hot invective against the realm into which he was now to venture. "North Atlantic," he fumed. "At this season too. One of the hells of the sea. Fog and ice, and again fog. Leagues of it. Got to sneak through blindfold for hours at a stretch — days. Syren screaming like a lost soul all the time. No comfort, and eternal risk." He repeated the words "eternal risk," and then, twisting about, found Dougal's questioning eyes riveted on his face, whereupon he turned his outburst into a run of forced laughter. "Bit of a pampered kid, eh, Dougal?" he said. "You see what comes of too much sunny sky and warm sea. Spoils a man for the higher latitudes."

He left it at that, and three weeks later the *Argonaut* steamed down Liverpool Bay on the top of the morning tide, the eastern sky a web of hammered gold edged with crinkled waves of pink and pearl, and rippling lines of delicate green. But far away by the desolate seas of the Grand Banks the fog already lay in wait, massed battalions of it drawn across the track, a dense sight-destroying pack, a thing to sap the vitality of giants. With such a man as Dixon Gray upon the bridge, however, there was no room for doubt about the handling of the menace. As the vanguard swirled clammily about the ship, turning a world of sunshine into a realm of impenetrable gloom, the finger

of the engine-room dial swung round to half-speed, barely was the sun thrust back into oblivion than the finger marked dead slow, and with the passing of the light the ship lifted up her clamorous voice. "Br-a-y—Br-a-y—Br-a-y," she wailed,—shrank into sullen silence, and then "Br-a-ay" again. That was the beginning of it, the first atom of ninety-six exaggerated hours, four solid days of sightless groping. For most of the men, of course, there was nothing new in it, nothing daunting; this was merely one of the casual adventures, unpleasant and dangerous, but not more so than many of the possibilities they had shipped for, and not one suspected that the captain in any wise differed from themselves. But when they were nearing the end of the third day Macdonald put on his thinking-cap.

II.

About Captain Gray's seamanship criticism had no chance of a hostile word. It was in strict conformity with the loftiest professional code. From the first moment of their blind pilgrimage, that appalling crawl through the core of a tractless world, he remained upon the bridge, hour after hour, day after day, never leaving it except to pass by a few paces into his chart-room for a cup of steaming coffee and a snack. Not even to sit down on the edge of the settee: merely to gulp his hot drink and then bolt out again into that hateful vacuity. As a rule he had the place to himself; but somewhere about the seventy-fifth hour, when he loomed through the doorway again, haggard and pinched, his eyes red-rimmed by fog and lack of sleep, he almost stumbled over the Chief, who for a brief spell had left his engines to the Second, and was here stretched out in a chair, puffing placidly at his pipe. Not a word passed between them, not a nod—nothing but a glance—until Gray again lurched back towards the door, when Macdonald rose and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Laddie," he said, "this'll no' do. You'll have to ca' canny or you'll break. Just drop yersel' doon on that chair and shut your eyes for a wee spell—five minutes—ten. Haven't you got Peers on the bridge. And isn't he a guid man,—almost as reeliable as yersel'. Noo, then—five minutes."

But Gray wrenched himself free. In a shrill staccato he rasped out something about five minutes being a long time—a tremendous time; long enough for a ship to go down in; time enough to turn him into a dead man. That was how he put it. Himself. Not a word about anybody else. There might

not have been another man in the world. His vision travelled away to the sombrous patch framed by the gap of the open door, and rested there—that gap which seemed to lead to nowhere; and then out of the waste there fluttered a tremulous blare on the port bow; a second, thinned by distance, on the starboard beam; for a third, the wheezy stuttering of a hand-worked horn on a windjammer's poop.

"D'ye hear them, Mac?" he demanded. "All round. And not one to be seen. They'll do me yet. Bound to—some time. Death—disaster! Mebbe it's here now—close aboard—out there in the fog. Nobody knows." His feet scraped wearily along the deck, the gap darkened and cleared, and the chief was alone, staring out through the opening, his pipe in his fingers, his brows wrinkled in a frown. "'Sakes," he muttered, "but it looks bad! Dinna like it—not a bit. I've seen the signs before, and—I'm hoping I'm wrong."

Bracing himself aslant in the doorway, his figure vaguely silhouetted in a dull splash of yellowish lamplight, he watched for a while the working of the drama, if in a region where sight was paralysed men could be said to watch at all. With all the great arcana of the sea concealed the sense of motion was almost lost, for the ship was making little more than steerage-way; and but for the heave of crank and thrust of rod, the muffled rumble of the propeller-shaft, the reluctant beat of the revolving blades, he might have fancied her swinging to an anchor in some safely sheltered haven. That was part of it, but only part. The illusion was destroyed by sound, a riot of discord: overhead the syren dolorously wailed; somewhere out there, close at hand, a seething swirl and clang proclaimed the passing of another ship; and at last the deep-toned bellow of an ocean packet, far away but swiftly advancing, drew Macdonald to the rail, where he craned far over, peering anxiously into the sodden cloud. "The doddering fool!" he muttered. "Smashing away at the full—through this murk. An' we're going dead slow." The *Argonaut's* measured call swelled to a frantic scream, and so the two ships blustered at each other—the one defiant, hectoring, clamouring for a clear course; the other pleading, begging for a few spare feet of open track. Whether the appeal was being regarded, it was impossible to tell: all that was certain was that two blind ships were rushing towards each other through visionless space; that Alec Macdonald watched and waited; that Dixon Gray, from the corner of the bridge, silent, motionless, shrouded in a dun pall, watched and waited too. If his shout counted for anything, it was Mac who saw the thing first—a blur of light, a veiled menacing eye that balefully glared at them out of the void. Almost in

the same instant he saw Gray hurl himself at the telegraph-lever, heard his cry to the helmsman—"Starboard, man! starboard! Hard over!"—felt the sheer and bound of the ship as the engines crashed into speed; and then his ears were filled with a tumult of sound, and a luminous flood enveloped him as the hurrying mail-boat swept by. "A close call that!" Macdonald grimly muttered—"fearful close! A wee bit closer wud have put ma pipe oot," and, so far as he was concerned, that was all; but his comrades, being cast in a different mould, shook their impotent fists at the phantom as she trailed away through the fog, and in half a dozen tongues were still cursing her when she vanished from their ken. But this was not the end. A handful of the crew still lingered in the waist, denouncing the folly of captains who drove their ships full speed through such a "mush" as this, when, just athwart their course, the darkness ominously deepened, thickened to a monstrous blot which seemed for the space of seconds to hang there, a ragged mass without outline, and then became a pyramid of bellying sails and creaking cordage, and a hull so close that any of them could have tossed a biscuit aboard.

"Think I'll bear a hand below," Macdonald gasped, as the windjammer drifted away. "There's ower muckle diversion up here for a quiet body. I can see noo that there's something t' be said for the ostrich buryin' its head instead o' luikin' facts in the face." And so he proceeded to "bury his head" amid the flashing turmoil of his engines. It happened, however, that he was again in the chart-room in the hour of their release when the *Argonaut* crawled out into a new world wherein sight was restored, a world with the shine of stars above and the spacious freedom of the seas ahead, astern, and all around. Nor was the fact of his presence there an accident; it was part of a shrewd and kindly plan, that of a man intent on standing-by with his help if help should be required. As for Gray's confession, there was nothing voluntary about it; he never intended to speak—we have his word for that—but he was overwrought, his will weakened by his tremendous vigil, by want of food and sleep, by that appalling strain, and no doubt Macdonald's sympathy completed his conquest. Most likely the spectacle of the burly chief kneeling by his feet, unlacing his boots, applied the finishing stroke. At any rate, whatever the prompting, the captain suddenly laid a hand on the other man's shoulder and blundered into self-revelation.

"I—I'm done, Mac," he wearily declared. "Going to end it this time. Been thinking it out, and I won't carry on any more. Can't. Couldn't stand another turn. I'm no sailor-man. Never meant for the sea. And—I—I'll go ashore and stay there."

"You'll go intil yer bunk,

ma laddie," the chief retorted; "though I'm fearing you'll ha' to go in yer boots, forby ye'll let me cut them off—yer feet's that swelled. And it's a peety, for they're a graund pair. But boots or no boots, ye're going t' have the bonniest sleep ye've had sin' yer mither rocked ye in yer cradle. And I don't blame ye wanting t' stay ashore. A ship like the *Argonaut's* a fearful responsibeelity for one man, but you conned her through it fine, and we're all that much the mair in your debt."

"The ship! As if I cared about the ship," the captain petulantly snapped. "I—I—never thought about her. And I didn't think about you. Nor the men. Nor anything. I—thought only of myself. Not another soul. That's how it always is. I—I—was afraid—I——"

"And I'm afraid that if you don't get them forty winks you'll be haverin' a lot mair rubbish," Macdonald broke in. "But here's steward with a cup of coffee, and we'll have nae mair talk."

III.

"Tell the mate to call me in an hour." That was Dixon Gray's last command, drowsily delivered as he clambered into his berth; but a kindly conspiracy made the order a thing of no account, and the clock was allowed to work half a round before he again mounted to the bridge, the deep-graved lines of weariness washed out, externally himself again. To the crew he was just as usual, the Old Man they had always known, calm and self-confident; but Macdonald detected a new atmosphere, an element of greater reserve, a strain about his manner and his speech. And, applying a certain interpretation to the signs, the chief kept to his own quarters as much as circumstance would permit. "I'll give him time an' it'll blow over," he decided. But in this he was foiled, for when night again settled on the sea the steward called him to action. "If you're at liberty, Mr Macdonald, the captain 'd like you to step along to the cabin." A refusal rose swiftly to his lips, and as swiftly he saw the futility of resistance and so capitulated.

That the meeting was far removed from the ordinary was clearly shown by the captain's reception of him. He fussed about as though his chief engineer were a rare visitor whose call insisted on ceremony. A chair had to be picked for him, a comfortable one; and then there was the tobacco jar and the matches, a cigar if his preference ran that way, the whisky and the soda syphon, all of which Macdonald suffered in silence, for the reason that observation and deduction had told him more already than the other man bargained for. But once the ice was broken all the captain's hesita-

tion vanished. He was rather afraid that he had been giving himself away in the fog and after it, that was how he began, but so far as talk went he was still in a bit of a fog, had wakened with quite a hazy impression of what he had said. How could a man's brain carry anything after such a crucifixion? And so he would be very much obliged if Mac would tell him exactly what it was that passed between them, all of it, plainly and honestly, as between friends. On that word "friend" he laid great stress. It offered the keynote to his move. Only with a well-tried friend could he have acted thus. He was desperately in earnest too, and refused to be put off when Macdonald would have lightly dismissed the matter as "just the sort o' stuff t' be expected fra a man who'd been full three days on a mushy bridge." His hands gripping his chair arms, Gray thrust himself forward, his face hardening, and demanded the truth, every word. He was up against facts and fate now, he explained, and he meant to go through with it, whatever the cost to himself might be.

Grumbling that he had a better use for his time than to spend it in storing up all the silly talk that was teemed into his ears, Macdonald made a show of surrender and offered a preposterously free rendering of the Captain's enigmatical outburst; but half-way through Gray pulled him up. "That'll do, Mac," he said, a flicker of a smile breaking up the hard lines. "I'm not calling you a liar; I'll just say that in this case you're a poor hand at telling the truth. So you can stow the rest. I fancy I can make a pretty good shot at it. No, don't bother; I want to do the talking now. And by way of a start, I'm going to tell you about something that happened to me when I was a kid."

It concerned a servant maid, this adventure in the days of his youth, the girl being one whom the gods had endowed with imagination and the gift of tongues. As a teller of tales she might possibly have had her equal, but surely there were none to excel. She was just the one to captivate a child's fancy, and so, at every opportunity, he would steal away to the kitchen o' nights and, books and games forgotten, he would sit there spellbound while Susanna led him through the glory-tinted realm of Romance. If only she had been content with the fairies and the elves! But one never-to-be-forgotten night she turned to ghosts, and out of her flimsy shades she conjured an unspeakable horror. Talk about making your flesh creep! She did more. She froze the marrow in his bones, chilled his heart, turned his blood to water. Not that he was conscious of any terror—he felt nothing but the thrill and the terrible fascination so long as he had Susanna for company, and revelled in her awful host. But when the hour of bedtime came, and bidding good-night to his father and mother, he faced the darkness and the

loneliness of the world beyond the stairs, he found himself beset. The moment he rounded the bend in the landing, and the black corridor gloomed ahead, the spectres swept out from all their horrid lairs. Not singly but in battalions. A legion of them. Grisly skeletons. Shadowy, filmy, immaterial wraiths. Things with flaming eyes. Things with claws. A hideous horde of monstrosities. Imagination filled his bedroom with them. They surged along behind, floated all around. He was hemmed in. He dared not go forward, they barred his way of escape. And so he cowered down on the stairs, squeezed himself up into a corner with his back to the wall, so that he might at any rate have an outlook on his right hand and his left; and there he sat for an hour, two hours, sat until his father discovered him, a pitiful scrap of terror, sick and perishing with cold, shivering through dread of something that was not there. And that might stand for a faithful picture of his life. Thus had he gone through all its stages —shadowed by fear, overwhelmed by it. His years had been peopled by ghosts. He had come to recognise himself as Mr Much Afraid. Of course he knew that fear and heroism were not necessarily conflicting terms; perhaps the most valiant souls were those of timid men who refused to surrender to themselves. But he wasn't one of that sort. He was all for himself. Never was his terror generous enough to include another being. The rest were outsiders. And that was how it was with him in the fog. He didn't care a straw about the ship, and as for the men aboard he never gave them a thought. Up there on the bridge, through all those hours of agony, his seamanship, his skill and experience, his endurance, were focussed on one skimpy atom of fact — himself, his own safety.

On this note he halted, the half-way line. He had not yet finished, the avowal must be crowned by the decision, but his case was too grave for him to run the risk of being misunderstood. "You see it, don't you, Mac?" he demanded. "The sort of man I am? Where I stand?" But the chief refused to commit himself.

"Oh, go on," he growled. "Let's have the rest. I'm mair concerned at present with what I canna see. For one thing, I canna understand how a lad built on such feckless lines should have come to follow the sea."

"You may take that as another example of weakness," Gray bitterly replied. "It was part of the blunder. I hadn't seen the ghosts then. I can snap my fingers at any danger when it's out of sight, be the bravest of the brave before the battle. Besides, I was only a lad when I made my choice, a lad bewitched. I saw the world through tinted glasses. Like so many others, I was steeped in Robinson Crusoe, and all that gallant

crowd. Life was romance with a capital R. All glamour and glory. Sailoring meant cruising in sunny seas most of the time, seeing strange lands and wonderful people, and being a very fine fellow. If I'd only known! What a life it's been. What a life! And when my eyes were opened I hadn't the moral courage to own up and back out. Fear again. This time I was afraid of the whispering tongue and the pointing finger. Afraid of what folks might say. Afraid of being found out, stripped of my shoddy disguise. That was at the end of the first voyage. When I came home again the chance had gone, my father was dead, and there was very little money for my mother, let alone any to waste on starting me afresh. So I—I—just stuck it. Chose a dog's life. Worse!"

His confession, it will readily be seen, left a good many gaps, and Macdonald pounced upon them, one after another. But Gray had no mercy on himself, and countered him at every turn, insisting that the portrait was faithful—none of its tones too high. Why, even that great master-stroke, his transfer from sail to steam, was inspired by a spirit of cowardly subservience to the First Law. He knew how people had praised him for his acumen, his foresight, making him out to be one of the seers whose vision had predicated the decline of the wind-jammer and the triumph of the steam-driven craft; but it wasn't that at all. He took to steam simply because he perceived that the steamer in its development was going to be the safer craft. Thinking of his own skin again. Ambition indeed! Self-preservation was his only law.

Afterwards, when time for reflection was given him, time for analytical dissection, Macdonald was astonished beyond measure by the paradox with which he was confronted. Above everything else did it seem to him that Gray's physical cowardice was much less remarkable than the moral courage of his self-exposure. Even granting the truth of his indictment, the man, without knowing it, was superb. It was hardly conceivable that it was himself he was attacking; that it was he, Dixon Gray, who was the prisoner at the bar, himself at once the accuser and the judge. He was so resolute also in his verdict. Without mercy. Fatalistic too. He had made up his mind that one of these days he would go too far. Nothing could shake that conviction. There would be disaster. Even if he kept his life his name would go. He would betray his real self; be held up to the derision of the world as one of those who put life before character, before everything. "Do you know, Mac," he said, lowering his voice impressively, "that when that packet hurled herself out of the fog I could have screamed? Like one of these Dagoes who are always the first to start a panic. And I

shall do it one of these days. You'll see. It's one of the awful things that paralyses me—that unborn scream with which I shall proclaim myself for what I am."

And so he had resolved on action while there was still time. Self-respect had vanished long ago, but he would go on posing; if he couldn't have the substance he would have the shadow. And when this voyage came to an end he was going to leave the sea. Didn't know what he would do. He would have to turn to something for a living. That was imperative. Perhaps he would buy a farm. Though even on the land he supposed he would find more ghosts to scare. Still, he must take the risk. Anything was better than the life he was leading. To leave the sea he was determined, and no amount of talk would turn him from that purpose.

"Unless ye find a cure for your complaint in the meantime," the chief dryly suggested, giving his words such a twist that Gray was compelled to ask what he was driving at.

"Naething that I'm going t' tell," Macdonald stubbornly responded. "I've been mightily interested in what you've told me, an' ye have ma sympathy, but at present I havena got a satisfying grip o' your case, and I'd rather reserve ma judgment than pronounce a verdict I'd have t' reverse. I'm no' keen on second thochts. When I tackle a job I like t' finish it. At present, so far as I can see, your case is no' so hopeless as ye seem t' fancy, an' wi' a bit o' luck you'll find a cure. Only, I'm no' prescribing. There's some cures that can only be found by looking for, an' some you'll never find wi' seeking. They come unbidden, in their own time an' way. Ye'll have t' bide." And beyond that cryptic saying he refused to go. Only, as he was leaving the cabin, he turned about and, with a sagacious nod of the head, reminded the young captain that much might happen between the beginning and the end of a voyage. "You can never tell," he added. "I've seen mair than one life twisted upside down in a quarter of an hour." Over his shoulder he fired a final warning. "The sea has a powerful grip, laddie. I'm no' sure about her letting you go."

IV.

Of the power of its grip, the sea, in its own inexorable fashion, proceeded to give convincing proof. His cargo discharged at Montreal, Captain Gray was ordered to take his ship in ballast to New York, where a freight for the Bermudas awaited him. Thence he went back to the Hudson, and now, instead of loading for one of the home ports, he was sent off on the long trail to the Pacific. But in spite of the

delay, through all the dragging hours he kept faith with himself. So far from weakening under the sapping attack of Time, as Macdonald secretly hoped, his resolution steadily hardened—was firmer at the end than the beginning. The cruise became stamped as The Voyage of the Last Things. When the *Argonaut* steamed out of Valparaiso harbour he rejoiced that at length he had struck the homeward track; at the end of that tremendous beat round the Horn, as the black headland dropped astern, repellent as ever, a grim symbol of challenge to all seafarers, he confided to the chief his sense of gratitude that Cape Stiff had no more bad dreams to give him; when they rounded the North-West Lightship into the Mersey he breathed deeply and murmured his thanksgiving: "The river. The finish. A sailor no more. Done with the sea for ever—and the terror—and the risk." And so when the ship was comfortably tucked away in dock and the crew had been paid off, he professed to be greatly amused by the thought that if ever he trusted himself to the sea again it would be as a passenger.

"Ye mean t' bide by your fool's notion, then," Macdonald demanded, almost fiercely, whereupon Gray took an envelope from his locker and held it up. "There's nothing on earth will stop me," he insisted. "There it is, signed and sealed. My resignation. I'm going to the owners now. In an hour I'll be adrift."

"Then," Macdonald declared, "I'm taking back what I said aboot finding a cure for—your complaint. There won't be any cure when you've handed in your ticket. You'll be a hopeless case."

For the first time in their comradeship they ceased to be friendly. All the softer lines in Macdonald's face grew hard, his eyes flashed a message of censure, his tight-set lips held back a flood of stinging words. Half a dozen of those words released would probably have hurled them apart, kept them apart for ever, but in time Macdonald recognised the explosive peril of speech and not one of them escaped. "I'll bide till ye're ready, and we'll go ashore in company," he said, and nothing more. Together then, a little later, they passed down the gangway, in silence they threaded the twisting path of the wharves, and when they reached the gates they faced about and Macdonald held out his hand. "Here's good-bye and good luck," he said; "and if ever you're in need of a friend either wi' advice or the helping hand, you'll no' need t' think twice aboot where t' look for him."

"In spite of the fact that I'm a——"

"Because of the fact," Macdonald gravely corrected, "that I've found you a likeable lad, even though ye have got one varra foolish weakness which ye might outgrow if ye'd give yersel' a chance. Till we docked the boat I'd hopes, but I maun confess that your bit paper has

knocked them all into Kingdom Come."

Thus, on the flags in front of the grimy Customs House they parted, Macdonald bearing away for the station with his sister's home in Aberdeenshire as his ultimate goal, and Dixon Gray for the office in Water Street, where an hour's wordy contest left the head of the firm bewildered and disappointed, and Gray a free man. He had yet to learn, however, that freedom was not power. Indeed, by degrees he painfully discovered that Life had a large stock of surprises in store, and one of these it presented ten months later when it set the feet of the captain and the engineer upon converging tracks, and once more threw them up against each other at Liverpool hard by the gates of Wapping Dock. Looking neither to the right hand nor the left, his thoughts apparently in the clouds, Gray would have passed through without seeing his old comrade, but the heavy clap of a hand on the shoulder brought him sharply round, and there was Alec Macdonald again, his face aglow, the shine in his eyes proclaiming his joy. And Gray also declared himself glad, delighted beyond measure, though even a child would have detected the fact that his assurances were tainted by an element of restraint which suggested that the meeting was not altogether to his liking. But Macdonald's friendship was too real to be lightly spurned, too rich also for such a mood to live for longer than a hasty moment, and in a trice they were shaking hands for the second time over the chance that had cast them together again.

"You'll observe that I've resumed the livery, Mac," said the captain, calling attention to his sea togs, and in response to the chief's question he nodded his head.

Yes, that was it—he had returned to the sea. Not because he had found its call too powerful for resistance, but because the land had rejected his overtures. It would not have him. He had been defeated—badly. He had learned that it was one thing to plan a new start in life and quite another thing to carry the purpose into effect. Though he ought to have known. There was nothing he was cut out for now except looking after a ship. The sea had made him one of its slaves. He had knocked at all sorts of doors and found every one locked. Nobody wanted him. How could they?—an untrained man. Why should they want him—with labour so plentiful and berths so few? He had left no stone unturned, no door untried—all manner of trades and professions—but he could not point to a single job that he was fit to take up or able to wait until he could make it keep him. And so he had come back to the sea and the life from which he had fled.

"And the firm's given ye another ship." Macdonald took that for granted. "Of course, they'd be mighty glad. They always set a lot of store by you. But, man, why didn't

they let you have the old *Argonaut*. Yon's an awfu' skipper that's sailing her now."

"The firm!" Gray laughed bitterly. "They had found they could do without me. They saw no reason to doubt that I was still a very fine fish, but they had discovered others in the sea equally good."

"D'ye mean t' tell me that they turned you deon?" Macdonald flared.

"I mean to tell you that they regretted there were no vacancies, but they would put my name on their waiting list. Only, the awkward part is that your name on a list won't give you a square meal, nor find you in togs and shoe leather, nor make a bed for you to sleep in; and so, after waiting longer than I had any fancy for, I've taken the only thing that offered. A wretched old tub. She's been lying over at Birkenhead for months—condemned—crow's foot painted on her hull by the Board of Trade. And, seeing that she's not equal to the lowest British standard, she's found salvation under a foreign flag. Used to be known as the *Sea Pearl*, and now she's the *Nan-Ling*. I'm fitting her out for the China Sea. What d'ye say to having a look at the brute. I've five minutes' business here, and then I'm going across the river."

Here, then, is the record of Gray's return to the sea, or, at any rate, the skeleton of the story. The bones he clothed with flesh on the passage out, for it happened that a week after their meeting Macdonald entered the cabin of the "brute," and, placing his bag on the table, proceeded with meek solemnity to introduce himself.

"I've come aboard, sir. Ma name's Alexander Macdonald, an' I'm fra Aberdeenshire. There's ma ticket if ye want t' see it, an' I'm th' new engineer."

A moment of bewildered silence, and then Gray broke into a storm of protest. "You mustn't think of it, Mac. You mustn't do it. Giving up the *Argonaut* for this lump of bagwash. And all for——"

By way of indicating that he had come aboard to stay, Macdonald calmly hung up his hat and coat. "Dinna fash yersel'," he said. "I've seen waur boats than this. And I wanted a change. Yon skipper of the *Argonaut*—he's an awfu' man." An hour later, down in the gloomy depths of the engine-room, grimly surveying the machinery which now lay in his keeping, he repeated the first clause of his verdict. "Ay, ay, I've seen waur ships, though I dinna call to mind where; an' I've forgot their names. But she's a maist interesting craft, and I can see some graund possibeelities in the trip. There's even a chance of the skipper finding a cure for his old complaint."

V.

Having made one profession of faith in the potentialities of the great god Chance aboard the *Argonaut* as she worried over the waste of the Grand Banks, and a second in the engine-room of the *Nan-Ling* at Birkenhead, Macdonald, so far as I am aware, paid no further court to the deity until Dixon Gray and he had thrashed about the Orient for a trifle over a year. And then one night on Dane's Island, half-way between the store and the jetty, he called upon the stars to bear witness that "the skipper had got his chance at last." After which he prayed that "the laddie might be kept fra playing the fool," and so passed on to the boat and was rowed out to the ship. He was clearly well pleased, if not with himself, at any rate with Circumstance, and all because in their Odyssey they had been led to that fragment of volcanic rock and sand and matted jungle which is known to the sailors of the Eastern seas as Dane's Island—a name which, by the way, bears no relationship to the one that marks it on the map. As for its place, it lies within a circle whose line might touch Luzon at the top and the Banda Straits at the bottom, with Saigon and Gilolo on opposite sides; and it is indebted for its fame, as well as its name, to the settlement upon it of Stephen Dane, the trader who managed in the course of years to win for his store a measure of renown as high as that of Andrew Dougal in Silver Alley at Liverpool.

This brings me then to that sinister day when the *Nan-Ling*, her hatches battened down, a fair head of steam showing in her gauges, lay to an anchor in the harbour at Swatow awaiting the order of release. But her captain showed no fancy for the open sea, and while his crew of nondescripts hid themselves away from the throttling heat, he spent quite half his time in front of the barometer in his cabin. And he was frowning at the portentous proclamation on the dial when Macdonald descended upon him.

"I'm thinking," the chief engineer said, "that if we're no' likely to get under way I'll clean masel' up and have a spell ashore. There's a man I'd like t' see."

"I'm staying where I am," Gray sullenly snapped. "Look at the glass. Did you ever see such a drop? And still falling. Three-sixteenths in an hour. Who'd leave a safe harbour in face of that—especially in these waters. Just fancy pitching yourself into a cyclonic storm in Formosa Straits. Sheer madness. Besides," as though he were defending himself against attack, "I'm not the only one. There are half a dozen skippers who won't face what's coming any more than me."

"Oh, that's all right," Mac-

donald airily replied. "I'm not setting masel' up in the seat o' judgment. You're the skipper, and you ought t' know. And it's no business o' mine. Though I might mak' free t' mention that opinion seems t' be divided, if it's true what some o' the boys are saying aboot a junk going down the river this morning—not twelve hours sin'. Without the wind, too. Had her sweeps oot. Not that it signifies that much, for mebbe she'd only be going round the corner."

"Junks!" Gray's lip curled scornfully. "What have I got to do with such craft? If some ridiculous Chink thinks fit to commit suicide it's no concern of mine. I have to make my own laws. Though I suppose that whatever I do will be wrong. That's the way of the sea—its gross unfairness. I'm wasting time by sheltering in port, and if I take the ship out and lose her I'll stand a jolly good chance of having my ticket cancelled—providing I don't get lost myself into the bargain."

"Ah weel," drawled Macdonald as he turned away, "it's your toss. And, of course, if it's the ship you're thinking aboot——" He checked his speech as he saw the blood rush swiftly into Gray's face, but whether the thrust were intended or not, the words had sped upon their shattering course, and he made no attempt to divert them. As for his stay ashore it only lasted an hour, and he explained his speedy return as dictated by expediency rather than by choice. "There's no telling when the blaw 'll begin," he said, "and I thought I'd better get aboard while I could."

Grumbling about the sweltering discomfort of everything, he stretched himself out on the settee and lay for a quarter of an hour with his eyes closed, while Gray lounged back in his chair, his body limp and resistless, overwhelmed by the atmospheric oppression, the furnace-heat, the breathlessness, his brain dominated by an odd medley of thoughts. At that moment, indeed, thought was the only force with any virility; for the rest, life seemed to have become suspended, it was just as though in all the world there was nothing but a tremendous silence. And so he abandoned himself willingly to a spell of brooding inertia, and when at last the calm was disturbed by a dull booming, something familiar and close at hand, he did nothing more than glance indifferently at Macdonald and wonder why he should have thought it worth while to worry himself with talk. About that junk, too,—that preposterous Chinese junk. As if the thing could have the slightest interest for anybody aboard the *Nan-Ling*. It was so utterly unlike old Mac to give way to these fancies, but no doubt this maddening heat had upset him, knocked him off his balance. The first fact picked out by Gray's drowsy listening was that Macdonald suspected something fishy about the junk. Not that he knew

anything for certain—nothing beyond a few scraps of gossip he had pieced together, odds and ends picked up here and there, some on board and some ashore. He was afraid that without intent he had been playing the eavesdropper, and probably there was nothing in the business, nothing to worry about. Though he couldn't get away from the yarn Ah Fang had been spinning to him. But for that he would have put the whole rigmarole down for an empty Oriental fable. And even Ah Fang wasn't above suspicion. Anyhow, granting that everything was true, it was most unlikely that the junk would ever get through the blow that was coming on. And he hoped it wouldn't, for he would be most desperately sorry if anything happened to old man Dane.

"Dane!" The name was charged with volcanic power. At one stroke all Dixon Gray's lethargy was shattered, the man converted to a palpitating note of interrogation. "Dane!" he repeated, bolt upright now in his chair. "What has your blessed junk got to do with him? What's the riddle, anyhow?"

By the widening of his eyes Macdonald proclaimed his astonishment at the outburst. "Ma certes, man," he retorted, "but you're like a Chinese firework, off ye flare as soon as ye feel the touch of the match. An' what, I'd like t' know, is Stephen Dane t' you? One might think he owed you some money. As for what I've heard mebbe it was nonsensical balderdash, that being the case wi' maist of the things ye hear; but all the same it fits in pretty well with some of the queer doings in these parts. As I've told you, I only picked up a few bits o' shakings, the interpretation thereof being that the junk's one of them piratical craft, and she's skippered by Mister Chung Won. An' I needn't remind ye of the manner of man he is. Sort o' first-class devil. Terror o' the seas. Anything else ye like, so long as ye put plenty of hot stuff in. As for the port he's bound for and the plan he's working by, I'll fetch Ah Fang, and ye can have it yourself at first hand. I've nae doot that a Crown Coonsel 'd be able t' pick his evidence t' pieces, but it's the maist that seems t' be available."

A swift glance as he left the cabin showed him that in the space of a few seconds the captain's face had turned a dusky tinge, that his eyes were ablaze with the fires of incredulity and horror; but Macdonald paid no further heed, and was soon back again with the Chinaman, who proved anything but a docile witness, and chiefly animated by a panicy sense of concern for his own safety.

"Me Klistian. Me velly good Chinaman. Klistian Chinaman," he nervously protested when Macdonald bade him "tip his yarn about Chung Won and his junk." His eyes darting from one man to the other, fingers nervously twisting and twining, he sought

refuge in a profession of complete ignorance. "Me no catchee catchee anything. Men talkee talkee. Ah Fang listen. That all. No savvy."

"And what was it you heard when you listened?" Gray demanded. "Come, out with it. You'll not get hurt for the truth, but—if you lie!"

The pause was charged with terrific threat, and Ah Fang knew it. Still washing his hands with invisible soap, his eyes never at rest, he plunged into a rambling, tangled tale. "Men talkee talkee at Kling's las' night. Say Chung Won velly bad man, him pilate, shoot an' chop chop with long piecee knife. Take women away. Always cally women off. Chung Won muchee muchee chief. Him going to Dane Island to kill Mista Dane. Men say Dane velly lich. Plenty heap money. Big box. Heap money bellied. Pilate take allee money and killee people, but not killee women. Pilate plenty big fellow. Him strong. Muchee muchee pilate." Ah Fang spread out his hands fanwise and shook his head dolorously. "Him kill and burn. No more store. No Dane. Allee same gone."

At the end of a cross-examination, on which even the Attorney-General might have plumed himself, the Chinaman glided silently away, and Macdonald pronounced a counsel of despair. "If the beggar's telling the truth, and the junk weathers the storm, it's all up with Dane. For there's naething t' be done. By rights the old man ought t' be warned, but there isn't a gunboat within saxty miles, and the island doesn't run to a telegraph wire. So I s'pose he'll just have t' tak' his chance. The wonder is that they haven't tried it on lang before. He's no right to have pitched his camp on such a howling wilderness of a God-forsaken spot."

That this was intended for his final word Macdonald showed by the way he settled in the corner of the settee, evidently prepared to take his ease. But it was the last moment of idleness he was destined to know for many crowded hours. For a few seconds Gray made no sound—simply stood there brooding, staring through the port without seeing anything, the hard moulding of his face, his whole bearing that of a man grappling with a crisis of magnitude. And then, suddenly, he became galvanised into passionate activity. "What's your steam-pressure, Mac?" he sharply demanded, and was told that "there could be a full head in an hour."

"Then, in half an hour I'll get the anchor," he announced. "And I'll want you to shake your old box of tricks up for all they're worth," he added.

"D'ye mean t' tell me——"

"That we're going to sea."

Bewilderment stamped on his face, Macdonald slowly rose. "But," he ventured, "look at the glass," and found that he had fired a mine.

"Damn the glass!" Gray hotly cried. "There are worse

things at sea than bad weather. Man alive, what do you take me for? Think of that junk. If it should reach Dane's Island first. All that it means."

Two hours later the *Nan-Ling* was shouldering her way heavily through a sullen sea, while her captain paced the bridge and the mate yapped fretfully against the scheme of things. "If the old tub stands this she'll stand anything. That glass. Five-sixteenths, sir. In an hour. Never saw such a rapid drop before. Though that isn't all. There's this," and he waved his hand around. "You can almost taste it."

The gesture was eloquently expressive. It embraced all that Gray was seeing and feeling. That profound calm, the flatness of the sea, its tremendous flatness, without a ripple or a curl, without anything except its feeble laboured lift, no life in it, its very movement suggesting impotence rather than energy. For it was so unlike the sea. That was the disconcerting truth—its unlikeness. There was its colour too, patches dull as the skin of a mummy, vast flakes of lustreless brass; the sky that seemed to have lost its height and in the deadness of its tones was like the sea; the windlessness, the air that scorched as the breath of Tophet.

Again and again the mate lifted up his voice in querulous complaint, but I doubt whether Gray heard a word of it. All his thought, his watchfulness, were concentrated on that menacing immensity and its allied powers not yet revealed; and he was watching with the grim, resolute purpose of one bent on wresting from the foe its secret, compelling it to expose its hand, its design, and its resources. And in the end he had his reward. When Nature changed her expression, like a woman passing from sullen brooding to the fierce passion of uncontrollable wrath, his eyes were on her face and he knew that the hour of trial was at hand. Into the bronze a purple tinge subtly crept, the edge of the horizon deepened to a dingy umber, and Gray turned to the mate with a string of orders. "Better have the decks cleared," he said. "All loose stuff stowed away. Extra lashings on everything. Life-lines rigged up. Then come back here and stand-by."

VI.

For himself, or about himself, as he waited on the bridge of the *Nan-Ling* for the impending onslaught, Dixon Gray had no thought. Nor had he any taste for an excursion into the realm of self-analysis. His attention was surrendered absolutely to his ship and his mission. Was the steamer equal to the call that was about to be made upon her? Would he reach the island in time? Beyond these two problems there were none others that mattered. Even in that

terrific hour when the tempest leaped upon them out of the ocean night's black throat, and he clung to the bridge-rail alone, lost in abysmal gloom, solid walls of water sheering athwart his course, he had no other thought,—simply to hold on and accomplish the task he had taken up. Once, about halfway through the night, just as he had left the shelter of the wheel-house for the tremendous tumult outside, he felt his arm tightly gripped, and the voice of Macdonald clamoured by his ear, many of his words picked from his lips by the wind and swept away. "Eh man, captain, is it you? What? This—wind—throttles everything. Thought — see —how getting along. It's awfu' below. Hoo—up here?" Sharp and confident came the response: "First-rate, Mac. Nothing—worry about. Worse to come—lot worse, but—old boat facing it finely—so far—and—" The crash of another comber on the deck applied a full-point to his statement, and the two men clung to each other in the darkness until the flood had swirled away. "That's what—like up here," Gray grimly bellowed. "And —nothing to what we're steaming to meet. Cyclone, you know — circular — may run through the edge—or—hit it —centre."

"All right." The chief relaxed his grip. "Drive her through it—if—like. I'll no mind — fetch t'other side.—Seen enough up here t' satisfy me. Awa' back—drier shop."

He had seen enough to satisfy. Though Gray caught the words he missed their double meaning; fancied that Macdonald spoke only of the storm. And he had greater work to do than spread himself out in idle chatter. He was the captain—the man on whom everything depended, success or disaster, life or death. He was supremely conscious of the fact, conscious in a way which marked the moment out from any other. Many times before had he realised his power, but always as a burdensome yoke. Now it gave him a sense of exaltation; he was proud of it, gloried in his responsibility. There was much to be done out here in the raging waste of the China Sea, and he was the man to do it. I do not mean that he thought all this or any of it, rather did he feel it, his kingship. For once he was sure of himself. Whatever doubt oppressed him was of the ship. He knew her age, her frailties, her decrepitude; knew that he must drive her to the limit of her endurance, demand as much from her as from a ship of the highest register.

That this phase of the tempest was but the prelude to the real onslaught he was assured. Experience, coupled with his study of the Law of Storms, afforded no loophole for comforting doubt. Nor was he tricked by the manner of the attack. Some men would have said that Nature had descended to a bluff, the sort of thing to fool a novice; but the moment Gray was sure of the fact, that brief slackening in the wind's persistence, he

clambered up the slant of the bridge with a warning for the mate.

"Look alive, Marquis," he cried, making a trumpet of his hands, "this isn't the beginning of the end. It's the beginning of the start. The real thing now."

That was all. His counsel of caution. His message delivered, he sidled away again; and Marquis, peering into the tenebrous environment, picked him out vaguely etched against the background of the night, fronting the storm, watching it, waiting for the advance of its reserve battalions. For every man aboard the night thenceforward was one of appalling isolation. They ceased to be a community, were converted into separate units; there was nothing they could be said to share except their peril. To the two on the bridge, the captain and his mate, all communication was denied; they might have been miles apart, were not really conscious of each other's presence, neither had any assurance of the other's survival. Even in the wheel-house and down in the engine-room the men were sundered entities, working only in unison by instinct and long training; while the crew, penned in their quarters, were in still worse case. For the others at least there was work to do, while these had laid upon them the nerve-racking task of waiting. They were held in the toils of the unseen and the unknown. Their world had lost its stability, its certainties; there was little left except that frantic tumult of motion, the pitch and roll of the ship, the straining of the hull as she rose, its grinding quiver when she dived, and the bared propeller, wrenched from the sea and thrust aloft, broke into a maddened race; and to all these again there was added the smothered crash as fragments of the ship were torn adrift by wind and sea, —as if their home, their refuge, was being rent asunder.

Disruption, annihilation piece-meal, this seemed to be the destiny of the *Nan-Ling*, the menace which impelled her captain to grope for the engine-room tube and hurl a disjointed message down its metallic throat. "How —doing—Mac? Bad. Very. Sounds as though ship—going —pieces. If only—could see. Everything—breaking adrift. But—go ahead—Dane's Island. You know—those pirates. Can't think—stand that." This was his dominant thought, the master-passion that inspired him. The defeat of a malevolent design. That was how it stood with him in those ebonised hours of blindness, and his will remained unaltered when vision was restored by the dawn and he saw what the wind and sea had done to his ship. As all the concealed outlines emerged from absolute nothingness into blurred reality, he was amazed that any craft could have suffered such havoc and yet remain afloat. The *Nan-Ling* was unrecognisable. Above the water-line nothing

looked to be the same. She had lost her identity. Twenty-four hours ago he would have asserted his power to pick her out among a hundred craft, but now she was a stranger. Yesterday she was one of the shabby genteels, and now she was a guttersnipe. Forward, the starboard rail from the fo'c'sle to the waist had vanished, and to balance this another length on the port quarter was missing, only some spiky jags suggesting that there had ever been a rail at all. Of the boats, the davits had nothing to show except a few trails of rope streaming out to leeward, but the extra lashings of the one he had kept in chocks on the deck had luckily held. The stanchions might have been pin-wire, so little resistance had they exercised; and the deck was almost bare.

Nor was there any token of this being the end. The dawn had merely given them vision without safety or the promise of it. The world was still filled with passion—a roystering distraction of crashing seas and ravening wind; and as for the *Nan-Ling*, all he could claim with certitude was that, so far, she had not failed him. But by noon he detected a weakening in the assault, and when night again enfolded them, he knew that he had beaten at least one of the foes for which he had risked so much. But only one. The secret of the junk and her crew was still hidden, and the *Nan-Ling* having survived one test, he now subjected her to another. She had proved her strength, and now she must give him speed. Through the storm he had concentrated all his skill and energy on the conquest of his elemental foe, now he focussed everything on the subjugation of space. He lived not for the voyage, but for the goal. All other interests, desires, duties, he barred outside, right to the very end of the hazardous enterprise, to that point of time when the mellow harmonies of the ocean night were shattered by the rasp of the anchor chain as it rushed through the hawse-pipe.

His landfall was in itself a tribute to his seamanship—a thing of magnificent exactitude. There was no beating about in search of bearings. An hour before midnight, the moon riding high in the heavens, the cry of "Land-ho!" rang cheerily out, and there, dead ahead, the island's puny peak lay like a wisp of cloud on the rim of the ocean plain.

"We were making for it," said Lanty Sanderson afterwards, "as true as a bullet from a gun."

After his own fashion Macdonald tried to say the same thing in a different way; but he might as well have addressed himself to the knighthead, for Gray was straining his eyes to read the message of the roadstead and the shore, and long before he had put the ship to an anchor the patched-up boat was swung out ready for his service.

"Don't fancy the look of things a bit, Mac!" he gloom-

ily declared. "Not a ship in the bay. Which means that if those devils have been here, they've had matters all their own way. And then there's the island,—did you ever set eyes on such a dead-looking spot?"

VII.

By the mere circumstance that the landfall was made by night, the crew of the *Nan-Ling* found that last phase of the voyage converted into an episode of high romance. Entering the roadstead by day the island would have flaunted its story before them, but now they must needs go in search of an answer to their uneasy questionings. Through the gauzy veil of night it loomed before them a place of mystery—an isle of sleep or one of death, of peaceful unconsciousness or ghastly tragedy. Prudence, of course, bade him wait for the dawn, but when he crossed the threshold of his goal, Dixon Gray parted with the power of waiting. The secret he must have surrendered to him now at any cost. In response to his call every man among the crew volunteered for service in the landing, almost fought for it; and when the boat sheered off he was accompanied by a trustable escort, men of thew and sinew, all keenly set on using their carbines, their cudgels, or even their iron-hard fists.

Though the distance from the ship to the shore was less than a mile, its impress was one of five. None of the band could be called visionaries; all save the captain were tremendously matter-of-fact, but mystery had laid its spell upon them, and the hour and the setting were alike tinged with unreality. All visible objects were distorted—not anything on sea or land within their range of sight corresponded to the actual. They were not even sure about the familiar strip of water-front, the dice-like squares of buildings, from Dane's store at one end to the bungalow of Trenton, the planter, at the other. It was all so lifeless, so appallingly still. It seemed as though nothing but a miracle could conjure life and movement from such an absolute negation. Their own approach, too, was made in silence, the oars muffled; except the subdued swish of the water as it slipped along the side, not a sound until the boat bumped against the fender of the jetty. Clambering at once on to the planking of the deck, they made their way with stealthy swiftness to the belt of trees beyond the narrow selvedge of the beach; and here Gray left them, and covered by their rifles struck out across the open, nor halted till he reached the store, the real end of his journey, the magnet which had lured him into the vortex of a

cyclone, the greatest of all his adventures. His feet crunching the shingle track, he stepped back and closely surveyed the moon-emblazoned building, every inch of its wide front, its balcony, its roof, and every window, and rejoiced in its freedom from the marks of strife. And yet he was not satisfied. This was merely suggestion, and he hungered for proof, the assurance of sight and speech. Though the signs were those of slumber, they might be those of death. If only he could pierce that screen of outer wall. This was like being in a fog at sea—one of those horrors of the Grand Banks, the same uncertainty, the same blindness. Only worse. For now there was so much more at stake. He wanted to beat upon the door, to cry out names aloud; one moment he told himself that the pirate quest had surely failed, and the next was overwhelmed by dread of the worst. And then, just as he tried the door and found it barred, a window creaked and creaked again; his alert ears caught the tread of a light foot on the balcony overhead, and in that moment he lost the store, the sea, the island, beheld nothing but the girl leaning over the rail, the burnish of the moonlight in her wayward hair coiled loosely about her head, a deep wonder glowing in her eyes.

"You!" she breathed very softly. "You!" Yet not so softly that he could not hear.

A wave of emotion shook him. "Thank God. You are safe. Thank God," he murmured, and the girl leaned still lower the better that she might read his story in his face. His gravity, the intense earnestness of his tone, impressed her deeply. No woman could hear a man speak thus about her without being moved.

"Why are you here?" she asked, but even as she spoke a new thought took possession of her, and she changed her question to a command, "Wait," and was gone. But only for a bunch of seconds, just long enough for him to leave the screen of shadow cast by the house and with uplifted hands signal to his men the sign they waited for that all was well; and then the key grated in the lock, and through the open door she came to meet him, a slip of bewitching girlhood, her white frock intensifying her atmosphere of fragility, her hair held captive now by the folds of a fleecy wrap. For a moment, as Gray grasped her hand in a long determined clasp, she held him with her eyes—those eyes whose lustre even case-hardened shell-backs trading at her father's store have likened to the glory of the stars, and their colour to the violet—and then she rained her questions upon him. "Now, tell me why you are here. So soon. And why did you speak so? What does it all mean? Tell me."

After the manner of those who dwell in Eastern lands did she address him, one accustomed

to command, and also to obedient service—but there was supplication also, an eagerness she made no attempt to suppress or disguise. "It is all so strange. Your landing now—by night. And why should you be thankful for my safety. I have not heard of any danger."

"But I have," he told her. "Great danger. Horrible. Too horrible to think of. It was Chung Won and his gang. They had planned a raid. Here,—on the store. Your father's money and you. But they have failed. That is why I am glad. It has been torture, a crucifixion, the thought that I might be too late. All through the storm. And to think that you should owe your safety to a cyclone."

"The storm," she repeated. "That terrible storm. And you—you fought your way through *that*—for me!"

She hung upon the words as though well pleased by the power that lay behind. This was her hour of discovery, the revelation of a stupendous fact. "For me." Very softly, dealing only with herself, she breathed those thrilling words again. Under the lantern light of the moon Gray saw that she was smiling, caught too the flood of colour as it flushed her cheeks."

"You came to save me," she murmured yet again; and then, "Tell me about it, please."

"There's nothing much to tell," he answered, bent now on making light of his exploit. "We were at Swatow when the gang put out to sea. Macdonald got wind of what they were up to, and wormed the rest out of one of the Chinamen. And we followed. That is all."

"All!" Her lips tossed the word back to him, rejected its assurance. "As if it could be. It is only a fragment. You have not even begun the tale. All this—the plot, its betrayal, your choice, the storm, your voyage,—a story big enough for a book, and you crowd it into a dozen words. But then you never did talk well about yourself, Captain Gray, and I'm thinking I shall have to ask Sandy Macdonald for the rest."

"There is no rest," he insisted. "And Mac is not a reliable witness. Not always. Sometimes he can be the soul of caution, but he has his enthusiasms, and his zeal outruns his discretion. I have given you the facts. There is nothing in it but this—I was lying to an anchor waiting for the storm to break and spend itself when that Chinaman came along with his yarn, and as there was no warship we could warn we came ourselves. There's nothing more to tell. I'm sorry to have disturbed you, but I couldn't wait for to-morrow. I—I—wanted to make sure that you were safe. And you are. Now you must get back indoors and I'll away to the ship. We have much work to do. Repairs. She was badly knocked about."

His suggestion of departure she ignored; to his outstretched hand she gave the same treatment. Almost did it seem that

the had orgotten the man, every atom of her interest dominated by his revelation. For against her woman's wit his reticence was powerless, it concealed nothing that really mattered, while for other weapons she had her share in the life of the East, her deep acquaintance with sailor-men and the ways of the sea.

"All this for me," she half whispered, a blend of wonder that was almost awe, and assuredly the spirit of joy in her voice. "When other men sheltered. With that storm about to break. And the glass —I watched its fall—it was terrible." Then she laid a hand on his arm. "Do you know what you did, Dixon Gray? You challenged death. Braved it. Risked your life—everything. You, who—told me once upon a time that you —you—would never ask any woman to—take your name because—it was the name of—a—coward. Do you remember that day? All you told me about yourself, the portrait you painted? I have never forgotten it, not a word. And that was the name you chose—coward. That and Mr Much Afraid. And yet you have done this thing—for me."

"There has been much joy in the service," he told her, forcing himself to a stiffness of speech, and yet for all his strength and grip not quite succeeding. "And now you must let me bid you good-night."

But still she held him. "To think of it!" she said. "All that it means. How glad you must be! You will not need to be distressed any longer about your name, nor the — the woman to be ashamed of it. You were wrong, you see. You are not Mr Much Afraid. You have risked your life to—save another — mine. You are a brave man, Captain Gray."

"A brave man!" he repeated, not yet comprehending the import of her testimony, all that it involved, its fulness and its promise. He had merely a dim impression that life had somehow changed with him, that he himself was different; but his perspective was all out of focus — formless and intangible. Her eyes strangely ashine, the girl stepped back into the shadows and watched him, her fingers tightly interlocked, a passionate intensity in her gaze. It was just as though she commanded him to see himself as she beheld him — the valiant knight, and not the craven. Once when she moved, Gray thrust out a hand to stay the flight he fancied that she meant; and then at the end of it all — that extremity of silent waiting — she saw the strain fade from his face, knew that the hour of illumination had dawned, and the next moment found herself clasped in his arms.

"My dear," he cried, "I see it all now! It is a new man who has landed on your isle to-night. See what a miracle you have wrought!"

But she refused to accept his tribute, his praise.

"There is no miracle," she protested. "Nothing but just the old, old story. The tale

as old as the hills. You will find it in the Book. In the day of your fear you only had yourself. But then Love came, and Love casteth out fear."

VIII.

On the judgment of Margaret Dane the chief engineer of the *Nan-Ling* pronounced an emphatic benediction.

"Man, but that's a bonny way o' putting it," he declared when Gray told him what the girl had said. And then he turned it over. "Love casteth oot fear," and kept on repeating the words as though loth to let them go. "D'ye know," he said at last, "I can see that this is the varra thought I've had at the back o' ma own mind all the time, only I was too slow in the uptak' t' dress it oot in proper words. She's got the gift of vision, has this lassie o' yours, an' the power o' speech as well. Love casteth oot fear. A full interpretation in four varra modest words. And noo we'd better turn in, for——"

But the captain waved the suggestion aside.

"Look here, Mac," he demanded, "was this the cure you had in mind that night aboard the *Argonaut*?"

"It was, my son," Macdonald answered. "You see, I'm no' saying that you've lived a selfish life, but you were fearful self-centred. You'd neither kith nor kin t' fend for nor tak' thought aboot, nor any other responsibeelity t' steel you to high endeavour. An' it isn't good for a man t' have his vision turned in upon himself. It narrows him, helps t' make him little and keep him so. And in some cases it breeds fear. In a general way—mind, I'm no' saying it's always so, but in a general way—bravery has its beginning in taking thought for others. A hen by hersel' wad run away fra a rat, but if she's got a brood o' chickens she'll stand up till an elephant. And that I reckon is hoo it was with yersel'. You were aye thinking aboot Dixon Gray, and the saving of your own skin grew t' be your first law. Even so you might have won through without raising any ghosts, only you'd been fitted with a high-pressure imagination, one of extra-driving power, an' right fra' the beginning you'd a mighty poor chance of escape. The rest of your history can be packed in little room—the gods have been good t' you; they've led you by a lang trail to this bit island, an' this night they've given you something t' live for and fight for. Likewise, they've given you a better law. Self-preservation's varra poor stuff. An' that's the last word. I'm turning in, for I reckon we've a couple o' crowded days in front of us before we've got this hooker ship-shape again."

Here, however, Macdonald was guilty of error. Only by the labour of four strenuous

days was the *Nan-Ling* made fit once more to face the hazard of the seas, though even then the garb of respectability was in no wise restored to her. In fact, judged by externals, all that the hand of restoration had accomplished was to make her still more disreputable, to complete her garb of desolation. By the storm she had been degraded from the shabby genteel to the guttersnipe, and now she suggested the prize-fighter carrying the scars of a terrific milling. That was how she struck the fancy of Stephen Dane in that hour of the fifth afternoon which he spent in a shady corner of the balcony with Sandy Macdonald to bear him company, Gray being still engaged on the ship. "Looks like a blooming bruiser, eh, Macdonald," Dane suggested. "One who's had a tremendous slogging. All patch and plaster from stem to stern, from her water-line to the rim of her smoke-stack." The chief endorsed the comparison with a chuckle, and presently Dane drifted away and Margaret took his place. In all probability if Macdonald had only foreseen what the coming of the girl involved he would have burked the ordeal by flight, but no warning was given him, he was caught before he had time to suspect. Not even when Margaret began quietly to probe into the history of her lover and himself did he detect her drift. It seemed so innocently reasonable that she should be interested in the fate that had thrown them together, the fancy that had forged such a link of affinity and impelled them to sail for so long in company as the firmest of friends. "I have never seen such a David and Jonathan pair," she smilingly confessed. "I'm told that you might have been chief of a first-class boat, and yet in the name of friendship you abandon yourself to a wretched tub like the *Nan-Ling*." Then, without giving him time for a word, she switched off to the present adventure. "Isn't it queer how things work out?" she demanded, edging round until she squarely confronted him. "About this testing of Dixon, you know. Queer how big things hang on little ones." The chatter of a Chinaman, that was the little thing by which her sense of wonder had been caught; and the big thing for which that chatter formed a most wonderful peg was the redemption of Dixon Gray, coupled with the salvage of her own idyll. "You see," she pointed out, "there would have been no test, no anything but lifelong misunderstanding, if Ah Fang hadn't talked so loudly." And then, "What a lucky thing that you were standing by when he lifted up his voice." She laughed softly over the thought, confessed herself immensely attracted by it; and Macdonald, bending forward, peered closely into her face, distressfully alert to the mocking curl of her lip, the roguish challenge in her eyes. "Imph!" he snapped at last. "I might

have known. There's no keeping anything fra a woman body, especially if she happens t' be in love. Mebbe I shouldn't have done it, for it's been a fearful risk—though I never thought of that; I was so keenly set on Gray being given a chance t' prove himself a man through and through, that I clean forgot all aboot the crew and the ship and masel'. He'd got t' be tested; I've seen that for a lang while, and I've been waiting till — till he found Margaret Dane. It couldn't ha' been done without her."

"Nor without Ah Fang," Margaret drily suggested.

"He's another of the principals," Macdonald admitted. "He played up till me in a maist satisfactory fashion, and tipped his varra convincing recital aboot Chung Won like a born actor."

"At a price," she hazarded.

"It was dirt cheap, Missy," Macdonald assured her. "I gave him ten sovereigns for his sarvices, the pirate yarn being included in the contract. Since then I've seen the danger of him blabbing, an' I've made him a man o' wealth by the gift of another ten for keeping a stopper on his jaw tackle. Likewise, I've promised him that if he does happen t' talk I'll put an end to his life, and call doon a thoosand curses on the spirits of his ancestors. I was bound t' take strong measures. I wouldn't have the skipper know if it cost me every penny I've got; it would take all the edge off it for him. An' for the same reason, I'm thinking ye'll no' tell him yersel', lassie. Love hasn't finished its work when it's cast the fear outside."

OSWALD WILDRIDGE.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

THREE hundred years ago Sir Walter Ralegh, a hero eminent in arms and arts, perished on the scaffold. The infamy of his belated and judicial murder turned to his favour the current of popular opinion, yet the voice of detraction was not silenced, and even to-day the scandal of his death casts a shadow upon his greatness. Therefore are we of this present day bound in gratitude to remember, at the tercentenary of his disgrace, the eminent services which he did to his Queen and his native land. A true Elizabethan, he engrossed the activities of his age. There breathed within him the very spirit of English enterprise. No field of adventure was closed to his courage and energy. He was courtier, soldier, seaman, and poet; he set his hand to no task which he had not well considered, nor, when fortune failed him, did he lose heart or renounce faith in the future. To him, among other boons, we owe our Empire overseas, and it is fitting that we should do him honour in this year when we are fighting, with that Empire's help, a foe bitterer and more implacable than the Spaniard, to whom Ralegh gave neither rest nor mercy.

I.

Walter Ralegh was born in 1552 at Hayes Barton, in Devonshire. The son of a country gentleman, he is said by John Hooker to have carried the blood of the Plantagenets in his veins, and even if this be a fable, as some assert, no slur can be cast upon his honourable descent. His boyhood he spent among the sailors of the Devon coast, heard what stories they had to tell him of the mysterious West, and caught from them that love of adventure which left him only with his death. For a while he sojourned at Oxford — a commoner of Oriel College, where, says Wood, "his natural parts being strangely advanced by Academical learning under the care of an excellent tutor, he became the ornament of the Juniors, and was worthily esteemed a proficient in Oratory and Philosophy." Oxford did not detain him long. He was of those who pick up their learning as they go, who read on shipboard or in the field, and he was no more than seventeen when he took service as a volunteer with the Huguenot army. He fought at Jarnac, and in Languedoc helped to smoke out the Catholics. "I saw in the third civil war in France," he wrote many years afterwards in his 'History of the World,' "certain caves which had but one entrance, and that very narrow, cut out in the midway of high rocks, which

we knew not how to enter by any ladder or engine, till at last by certain bundles of straw let down by an iron chain, and a weighty stone in the midst, those who defended it were so smothered as they rendered themselves with their plate, money, and other goods therein hidden." For at least six years he remained in France, since Hakluyt, in a dedication, calls to mind that Ralegh had "spent more years in France than he," and we know that five years were the term of Hakluyt's sojourn. At any rate, in 1576 Ralegh was in London again, contributing a copy of verses to the 'Steel Glass' of Gascoigne, whom he may have met in the Low Countries, and prophesying in an aphorism his own future—

> "For whose reaps renown above the rest,
> With heaps of hate shall surely be oppresst."

After an ineffectual voyage of discovery, in which he commanded the *Falcon*, whose motto—*Nec mortem peto, nec finem fugio*—might have been his own, Ralegh sailed, the captain of a hundred men, for Ireland. That country was proving its intense love of independence, as it has proved it since, by welcoming the enemies of England to land upon its shores. So there came to Munster seven hundred Spaniards and Italians, who told the Lord-Deputy roundly that "they were sent, some from the most holy Father the Pope of Rome," as Camden reports, "and the rest from the most Catholic King of Spain, to whom he had given Ireland: Queen Elizabeth being fallen from it by reason of her Heresy." This kindly forethought of the Pope brought a due reward to his emissaries. Then happened what has always happened in Ireland. The foreigners, seeing no hope of succour from Desmond, put forth a white flag, crying "Misericordia! Misericordia!" No mercy was shown them, and there seems no reason why they should have been treated with forbearance. At Lord Grey's command, and with the approval of the gentle Spenser, Ralegh put six hundred of them to the sword, acting in accord with his own belief that "lenience to bloody-minded malefactors is cruelty to good and peaceable citizens."

II.

Such was Walter Ralegh's apprenticeship to life, and having served it he came triumphantly to Court. That his triumph should have been instant is not strange. Elizabeth loved a man, and a man Ralegh assuredly was. He was also a Devonshire gentleman, and Oxford's ill-humoured jest that he was a Jack and an Upstart savours of jealousy. He was tall, handsome and bold. He was, moreover, of a boisterous temper, one who brooked not insult nor opposi-

tion.[1] Already he had been committed to the Fleet for a quarrel with Sir Thomas Perrott, and to the Marshalsea with one Wingfield "for a fray beside the Tennis-Court at Westminster." His pride and arreganee were the wonder of a proud age. "Old Sir Robert Harley of Brampton-Brian Castle," so Aubrey tells us, "who knew him, would say 'twas a great question who was the proudest, Sir Walter, or Sir Thomas Overbury, but the difference that was, was judged on Sir Thomas's side." To yield to Overbury in pride need have shamed no man, and we may take it that Ralegh was furnished with that triple brass which was necessary to protect him against the slings and arrows of a hard extravagant age. And not only was he a man of action, he was a man of speech also. Aubrey says his voice was "small," but it was persuasive; and the broad Devonshire accent, which Ralegh never lost, added to its effectiveness. His first meeting with the Queen, at Greenwich, was fortunate for him. He came from Ireland to urge his policy against Lord Grey's, and so much the better had he in the telling of his tale, that, in Naunton's words, "he had gotten the Queen's ear in a trice, and she began to be taken by his elocution, and . . . took him for a kind of oracle, which nettled them all."

Moreover, Ralegh chimed with his Queen and her age in his love of magnificence. He loved humility neither of apparel nor of life. He was no starveling soul content with a crust. His fixed intent was to get out of the world whatever of honour and wealth it had to give. "Shall we value honour and riches," he asks in the preface to his 'History,' "at nothing, and neglect them, as unnecessary and vain?" As to the answer he is in no doubt. "Certainly no: for that infinite wisdom of God, which hath . . . made differences between beasts and birds; created the eagle and the fly, the cedar and the shrub; and among stones, given the fairest tincture to the ruby, and the quickest light to the diamond; hath also ordained kings, dukes, or leaders of the people, magistrates, judges, and other degrees among men." He was an eagle who would always soar sunwards, and leave the poor fly happy upon the window pane. At the very first he showed his wit in his apparel, and well it became him. Drexelius, the Flemish Jesuit, says that the mere jewels in his shoes were estimated to be worth six thousand six hundred gold pieces; yet so fine was his delicacy that when he was appointed to attend Biron, the French ambassador, he instantly conformed to the fashion of his guest. "The French," said he, "wear all black, and no kind of bravery at all; so as I have only made

[1] Ben Jonson tells us that when Ralegh's son, of whom he was governor in Paris, made a scandal in the street, "young Ralegh's mother delighted much (saying his father young was so inclined) though the father abhorred it."

me a black taffeta suit to be in, and leave all my other suits."

Such a man as Ralegh, then, was welcomed naturally by a Queen who had inherited her father's love of pageantry and a splendid life, who was never so happy as when upon a progress, and who loved to see what she called "proper men" about her. The legends preserved by Fuller of Ralegh's sudden rise need not be accepted literally. They are, nevertheless, fitting symbols of the truth. Who would willingly part with the story of the cloak, for instance? "This Captain Ralegh," says Fuller, "coming out of Ireland to the English Court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate) found the Queen walking, till meeting with a plashy place, she seemed to scruple going thereon. But presently Ralegh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the Queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a foot-cloth." So Fuller writes with essential truth. Had Ralegh met the Queen in a plashy place, he would surely have flung his cloak upon the ground; and why should not fate have given an occasion for his courtliness? The other anecdote of Fuller suggests a knowledge of the after-event, and is justly suspect. "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall"—such are the words that Ralegh is said to have scratched with a diamond upon a window, obvious to the Queen's eye, and they might have carried a heavy burden of meaning for him when he looked back across the years to his happy beginning. He knew himself then to have been what many called him, a mere tennis-ball of fate, and he had wise words to say about the tricks of destiny. "As fortune's man rides the horse," thus he wrote in the Tower, "so fortune herself rides the man who, when he is descended on foot, the man taken from his beast, and fortune from the man, a base groom beats the one, and a bitter contempt spurns the other with equal liberty." But, assuredly, he did not foresee, in the exulting flamboyancy of his youth, the misery which was to overtake him.

A man of his sanguine temper and gay adventurousness was troubled by no doubt. It was enough for him to bask in the sun of Gloriana's smiles, and Gloriana did more than smile upon him. When once she had taken him for a favourite, she loaded him with benefits. He was given a licence to export woollen broadcloths; the Farm of Wines was granted him. In rapid succession he was appointed Lord Warden of the Stanneries, Lieutenant of Cornwall, Vice-Admiral of Cornwall and Devon, and Captain of the Queen's Guard. With the increase of honour he increased marvellously in worldly possessions. The acquisition of Babington's forfeited estates made him a landowner in five English counties. The castle of Lismore and the manor of Youghal gave him a position

in the Ireland which he had helped to punish and to pacify. And at last he established himself in the place he loved best —at Sherborne, where his beautifying hand may still be marked. Wherever he went he builded and he planted. He took a natural delight in fine houses and handsome gardens. They were the outward expression of the grandeur which he deemed his right, and as intimate a part of him as the ships which he knew well how to build and to sail, and which he hoped always against hope would bring him a vast store of gold and precious stones from the Orinoco.

To be a favourite of Elizabeth was an ill trade, as Ralegh presently discovered to his cost. Not only did the Queen for her sport play one off against the other, but in her eyes the rising star seemed always to shine more brightly than the risen. And Ralegh aroused the jealousy of his rivals the more easily because they recognised in him an intellectual superior. He had a better head, as well as a better heart, than they. If he did not yield to Leicester in the graces, he was master of a knowledge and a courage of which that courtier knew nothing. But Leicester's power was already waning when Ralegh first encountered his Queen, and it was the advent of Essex at Court which threatened his supremacy. When he was but twenty-one, Essex was already writing to Elizabeth of that knave Ralegh, and it was only the threat of the Armada which interrupted his plottings against the man in whose influence he saw the chief obstacle to his omnipotence.

In the battle against Spain, who in her pride thought she could overthrow the might of England, Ralegh took the ample share that belonged to him. He was of those who planned the defence of the country; he stirred to patriotism the men of Cornwall and Devon, who, for the love they bore him, would have followed him to the death; and when the time of fighting came, his ship hung on to the skirts of the retreating Spaniards until the end. Moreover, when certain hotheads urged Howard of Effingham straightway to board the Spanish ships, Ralegh threw his influence into the scale of prudence and good sense; and in his 'History' seized upon the siege of Agrigentum as an excuse for a wise comment on the greatest of sea-battles. "To clap ships together," thus he wrote, "without consideration belongs rather to a madman than to a man-of-war. By such an ignorant bravery was Peter Strozzi lost at the Azores when he fought against the Marquess of Santa Cruz. In like sort had Lord Charles Howard, Admiral of England, been lost in the year 1588, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were that found fault with his demeanour. The Spaniards had an army aboard them, and he had none. They had more ships than he had, and of higher building and charging, so that had he entangled himself with those great and powerful vessels he

had greatly endangered this kingdom of England, for twenty men on the defence are equal to a hundred that board and enter. Whereas, then, contrariwise, the Spaniards had an hundred for twenty of ours to defend themselves withal. But our Admiral knew his advantage and held it, which had he not done he had not been worthy to have held his head." There speaks one who combines with the authority of an expert a rare gift of lucid exposition.

III.

The great year of our history, 1588, saw Ralegh at the zenith of his fortune. So high had he climbed that envy and malice were already fitting their slings with pebbles. Nevertheless, at the zenith of his fortune, he was but at the beginning of his great career. So long as the Queen smiled upon him, his work remained unaccomplished. When he did his native land his noblest services, he was thwarted at every step by jealousy and intrigue. The mere favourite triumphed; the patriot found fiercer enemies at home than abroad. A brief year after the Armada Ralegh left the Court, driven thence, it is said, by the plots of a rival. "My Lord of Essex," wrote Sir Francis Allen to Anthony Bacon, "hath chased Mr Ralegh from the court, and hath confined him in Ireland." Whether this be true or not, it is certain that Ralegh withdrew himself to Kilcolman, and there renewed his ancient friendship with Spenser. It was a happy meeting for the poets and for poetry, a meeting which Spenser has commemorated in beautiful verse. As he sat by the Mulla's shore,

> "There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out,
> Whether allured by my pipe's delight,
> Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
> Or thither led by chance, I know not right,
> Whom, when I asked from what place he came,
> And how he hight, himself he did ycleepe,
> The Shepherd of the Ocean, by name,
> And said he came far from the Main-sea-deep."

"The Shepherd of the Ocean"—what better name could be found for Walter Ralegh? Thus by Mulla's shore the two friends talked and sang. They exchanged compliments in verse, and Ralegh, enthusiastic always for fresh enterprises, insisted that Spenser should forthwith accompany him to Court, there to win the patronage of Elizabeth, and to publish the first part of the "Faerie Queen." Of Ralegh's fidelity to Spenser there is ample proof. He gave him praise, and, what is rarer and more useful, he gave him practical aid. Had it not been for his intervention, the "Faerie Queen" would have made a late appearance, and when in 1590 she saw the light of day under his auspices, he appended his sonnets to the poem, which show clearly enough his appre-

ciation. That which begins "Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay," is universally acclaimed, and has won from Milton the high tribute of imitation. In the other, Ralegh sounds the trumpet of generous applause—

"Of me no lines are loved nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device."

This friendship, then, was pleasant and honourable to them both, and, be it remembered, they sang in amœbæan strains, not as patron and poet, but as equals. For Ralegh also was himself a true poet. Careless, like the rest of his contemporaries, about the fate of his verses, he wrote them to please himself, and did not trouble to gather them together. Some of them appeared in 'England's Helicon,' signed by Ignoto, others have been discovered by the research of scholars. That they were known to his own age and highly esteemed we know from Puttenham. "For ditty and amorous ode," says he in his 'Arte of English Poesie,' "I find Sir Walter Ralegh's vein most lofty, insolent, and passionate." His style is concise and forcible. He had that love of aphorism which was natural to his time and kind. And none but a true poet could have written his "Pilgrimage":

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to lean upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
And then I'll take my pilgrimage."

These lines, beautiful in themselves, are a foreshadowing of the mystical poetry of the seventeenth century.

Yet it was his prose rather than his verse which has given Ralegh an immortality of letters. The enforced leisure of his voyages taught him to be a scholar, and the friendship of Cotton persuaded him to join Bishop Parker's Society of Antiquaries. Of his masterpiece in prose—'The History of the World'—something will be said presently. Of his voyages he wrote like a man of action, who was also a poet; his political pamphlets are marvels of sound doctrine and clear statement; and there is not one of his letters—"lofty, insolent, and passionate," like his verse—that does not reveal the touch of the true craftsman. If you would have an example, turn to the letter which he wrote to Cecil on the death of his wife. "It is true," said he, "that you have lost a good and virtuous wife, and myself an honourable friend and kinsweman. But there was a time when she was unknown to you, for whom you then lamented not. She is now no more yours, nor of your acquaintance, but immortal, and not needing or knowing your love or sorrow. Therefore you shall but grieve for that which now is as then it was, when not yours; only bettered by the difference in this, that she hath passed the wearisome journey of this dark world, and hath possession of her inheritance." And again, in the same letter: "The minde of man is that part of God which is in us, which, by

how much it is subject to passion, by so much it is farther from Him that gave it us. Sorrows draw not the dead to life, but the living to death."[1] Here is noble thought matched with noble words, written by one who did not lay aside his gift of literature when he addressed his friends.

Indeed, courtier and adventurer though he was, Ralegh lived on easy terms with the writers of his time. It is said that he proposed those meetings at the Mermaid Tavern which had a legendary influence upon English poetry and English wit. He befriended Hakluyt, and aided him in his epic enterprise. That Marlowe should have been his associate is not surprising, since they are close akin in temperament. In Marlowe's plays there has been noted a love of the impossible. A love of the impossible was the inspiration of Ralegh's active life; and he was content to suffer for the friendship of Marlowe as he suffered for his loyalty to other friends. A foolish charge of atheism was brought against him who never wrote a word nor did a deed that was not a refutation of the foul calumny. But jealousy of those who rise too quickly is always ingenious, and Ralegh paid a heavier penalty for his virtues than the most of men pay for their vices.

IV.

However, it was not intrigue that at last caused Ralegh's downfall at Court. He had withstood the devilish machinations of Essex; he could not withstand the Queen's anger at his marriage with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of her maids of honour. The Queen did not easily forgive the defection of her favourites, and she fell upon Ralegh with an unrestrained fury. With no better reason than her displeasure, she sent both Ralegh and his lady to the Tower, and enlarged him only when his services were needed to save the great carrack, the *Madre de Dios*, which his expedition, commanded by Martin Frobisher, had brought home, from indiscriminate pillage. Then the Queen's avarice got the better of her resentment, and Ralegh was permitted to go to Dartmouth, "still the Queen of England's poor captive." He liked his imprisonment as little as the eagle likes its cage. This foretaste of suffering,

[1] It is strange that the fanatical persons who can believe in nothing so obvious as that Shakespeare wrote his own plays, should have pitched upon Bacon for a substitute. Ralegh would have been a far wiser choice. And here is a parallel ready to their hand. "Sorrows draw not the dead to life, but the living to death," writes Ralegh; and Shakespeare in 'All's Well that Ends Well' puts these words in Lafeu's mouth: "Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy of the living." Shakespeare could not have known Ralegh's words, and Ralegh was far too sincere to plagiarise in an hour of deep emotion.

whose cup he was to drink to the dregs, was bitter in his mouth. He protested, he cajoled, he flattered. He tells Cecil that he has become "like a fish cast on dry land, gasping for breath, with lame legs and lamer lungs." Angrily he protests to Admiral Howard at the chafing of captivity. "Would God it were all concluded," says he, "that I might feed the lions as I go by, to save labour. For the torment of the mind cannot be greater, and for the body, would others did respect themselves as much as I value it not little." And then it was that he wrote the letter to Cecil about the Queen, which seems to the modern eye abject in its abandonment. He laments to hear that she has gone far off. When she was near at hand, and he might hear of her, his sorrows were less. "I that was wont to behold her," he writes in a famous passage, "riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess; sometime singing like an angel; sometime playing like Orpheus. Behold the sorrow of the world! 'Once amiss, hath bereaved us of all!'"

The very extravagance of the tirade proves its insincerity, and we, in the full knowledge of the truth, need not take it seriously. Intended for the Queen's eye, it was overcharged in colour and design. But Elizabeth, who never saw her face in the mirror unfarded, cared not for the finer shades. She demanded always an excess of praise, and she got it. Nor was Ralegh under any illusion. Freedom was what he longed for, and there were no words which he would not have used to attain it. The Court and the Queen's favour were for him but means to an end. He knew that without them he could not achieve the lofty purposes of his life, and the work to which he had put his hand was so vast in scope that he would sacrifice its fulfilment to no scruple of reticence. It was for his career that he abased himself before the Queen. For the rest, he was a gainer by her frowns. If he had lost her patronage, he had won the loyal and constant support of his wife, whose broken letters to Cecil attest the depth of her affection, who stood by Ralegh in the hour of his peril and distress, and who fought without rest for the inheritance of her son. And Ralegh generously repaid her fidelity. "I chose you," he said, in a letter which he thought would be his last, "and I loved you, in my happiest times."

V.

To two policies Ralegh was always faithful—the discomfiture of Spain, whom he recognised truly as the enemy of England, and the foundation of another England across the seas. The policies were so closely interlocked as to be

sometimes indistinguishable, for the Spaniards claimed the right of sovereignty over all America, and were supported in their impudent claim by the authority of the Pope. That we should be at war with Spain, then, was inevitable, and Ralegh fought the Spaniards with sword or tongue as long as he had breath. His letters are packed with warnings against the enemy. He watched their activities in Ireland unceasingly. "The King of Spain," he wrote to Cecil in 1593, "seeking not Ireland for Ireland, but having raised up troops of beggars in our backs, shall be able to enforce us to cast our eyes over our shoulders, while those before us strike us on the brains." He watched the coast anxiously for Spanish vessels, knowing that his own Plymouth was in danger, and he urged Parliament not to wait the coming of the Spaniard, but to go forth and meet him. "Let us send a royal army," said he to the House of Commons in 1593, "to supplant him in Brittany, and to possess ourselves there; and send also a strong navy to sea, and lie with it upon the Cape and such places as his ships bring his riches to, that we may set upon all that come. This we are able to do, and we shall undoubtedly have fortunate success if we undertake it." This is the speech of a fighting sailor who knew full well what sea-power meant to England. "There are two ways by which England may be afflicted," he wrote in 'A Discourse Touching a War with Spain.' "The one by invasion, being put to the defensive, in which we shall cast lots for our own garments. The other by impeachment of our trades, by which trades all commonwealths flourish and are enriched. Invaded or impeached we cannot be lost but by sea, and, therefore, that enemy that is strongest by shipping is most to be suspected and feared." Nor was he willing to hold out his hand for a premature peace. "After the Spaniards shall have repaired his losses," said he, "I know not how your Majesty may be assured of his enmity, for the Kings of Spain are not wont to keep either promises or oaths longer than they may prove profitable to themselves." This is a wise counsel, which our rulers of to-day would do well to ponder.

And Ralegh did not only speak against Spain; he fought against Spain. As I have said, he gallantly played his part in the defeat of the Armada. At Cadiz, in the *War-Spright*, he led the van, captured the *St Andrew* and the *St Matthew* before the Spaniards could blow them up, and brought them home with him to serve in the English navy. When the victory was won, merciful as always, he helped to beat off the Flemings, who, having done nothing in the fight, afterwards used pitiless slaughter, and sketched the scene indelibly in two or three lines. "Withal," wrote he, "there was so huge fire, and such tearing of the ordnance in the great *Philip* and the rest, when the fire came to them,

as, if any man had a desire to see Hell itself, it was there most livelily figured." Thus Walter Ralegh was justly accounted the great antagonist of Spain, and nowhere did he fight her more resolutely than in America. He would forestall her everywhere, and see to it that a new England and not a new Spain should come into being. For it is his great glory to have sought always the welfare of the natives in such lands as he discovered. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century, like the Germans of our own time, thought it enough to make a desert and to call it peace. Ralegh contemned the vindictive fury of such colonists. He would bring prosperity wherever he went; he would encourage trade, and exchange the commodities of the old world for the rich produce of the new. Obsessed as he was with the constant vision of gold and precious stones, he did not disdain the humbler solace of tobacco and the potato. If Drake and Hawkins first brought tobacco to these shores, it was Ralegh who made its use fashionable, and thus not only increased our stock of harmless pleasures, but added vastly to the wealth of the country.[1] And by planting potatoes at Youghal he supplied the land, where he had great possessions, with its staple food.

Ralegh's first enterprise across the seas was shared with his gallant brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had less hope of establishing colonies than of finding the North-West Passage—a hope which lured many a brave man to his death. That was in 1583, and Ralegh, already a favourite, was forbidden by the Queen to risk his life in "dangerous sea-fights." But to Sir Humphrey she gave her blessing, and for a token "an anchor guided by a lady," which he wore at his breast. Like all the early voyagers Gilbert met with a series of mishaps, and was fortunate only in making Newfoundland, of which he took possession in the Queen's name. Sailing southward, he was overtaken by a violent storm; two of his ships were wrecked, and he himself went down, "sitting abaft with a book in his hand," and telling his men to be of good cheer, since "we are as near to Heaven by sea as by land."

It is characteristic of Ralegh that failure never daunted him, and after his brother's heroic death he applied for instantly and was granted a charter to discover unknown lands. In 1584, though he was still kept at home, an English colony was established, under his auspices, by Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlow at Roanoake, and to this colony was given the name of Virginia. Amadas and Barlow, as bidden

[1] Aubrey was assured by Mr Michael Weekes of the Royal Society, "out of the custom-house books, that the custom of tobacco all over England was £400,000 per annum" (1682).

by Ralegh, treated the natives with justice and consideration, exchanged such goods as they had for sweet-smelling timber and other commodities, and then sailed for home, bringing with them two of the savages. A year later, Sir Richard Grenville was despatched with "a fleet of seven sails, with one hundred householders and many things necessary to begin a new state." But no sooner were the householders landed than discontent overtook them. They encountered a tribe of savages less easily managed than those whom their predecessors had traded with, and when Sir Francis Drake, "coming thither from the sack of divers Spanish towns," visited the colony, they did not scruple to accept his offer of a safe conduct to England. Even then Ralegh did not despair. He sent expedition after expedition, sparing neither his wealth nor his thought. As Hakluyt said, "it required a prince's purse to have it thoroughly followed out," and Ralegh must needs depend chiefly upon himself. Cecil blew hot and cold upon the project according to the whim and temper of the Queen. But with the prescience of a great statesman, Ralegh permitted no check and no discouragement. In 1602, the year of the Queen's death, a few months before ruin overtook him, Ralegh wrote to Cecil protesting against the seizure of part of a cargo of sassafras for the tenths. "It were pity to overthrow the enterprise," said he, "for I shall yet live to see it an English nation." His prophecy came true, though his charter had by then reverted to the Crown, and he had been deprived of the reward which should in justice have been his. He did see it an English nation, and thus did more to change the history of his own country and of the world than any victorious captain that ever laid low a barbarous enemy. For, foiled himself, he pointed out the true way of colonial enterprise, and proved himself, in effect, the only begetter of our dominions oversea.

VI.

Meanwhile his thoughts were turning always towards the fabled wealth of Guiana. El Dorado, first conceived of as a gold-besprinkled king, and then as the golden city of Manoa, had captured his imagination. His ambition was stirred by Francisco Lopez' account of the Emperor of Guiana, all the vessels of whose home, table and kitchen, were of gold and silver. "He had in his wardropp," said Lopez, "hollow statues of gold which seemed giants, and the figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs that the earth bringeth forth, and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breedeth." Such was the dream of wealth which touched the fancy of the Elizabethans. Marlowe, of like temperament to Ralegh's, had dreamed the

same dream, after his own fashion, and had told it in immortal verse—

"Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest mould;
The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house heap pearls like pebble-stones,
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight."

What limit was there to the power of such merchants as these? And if Ralegh thought of the power which the master of El Dorado might possess, he thought of much else besides. He knew that to limit the Spaniard's wealth was to ensure the peace of England. "For we find," said he, "that the Spanish King vexeth all the Princes of Europe, and is become in a few years from a poor King of Castile the greatest monarch of this part of the world, and likely every day to increase if other princes forslow the good occasions offered and suffer him to add this empire to the rest." Thus Ralegh believed that his voyage to Guiana would not only enrich England, but check the power of his and England's inveterate enemy, Spain. For once the Queen and Cecil smiled upon his enterprise. The crafty Cecil risked money for the scheme, and the Queen granted Ralegh a commission to attack the Spaniards. Only Lady Ralegh was fearful of her husband's safety. "I hope you will rather draw Sir Walter towards the east than help him towards the sunset, if any respect to me, or love to him, be not forgetten." Alas for Lady Ralegh's peace of mind! The Queen would not restrain a man who was no longer her favourite. Cecil had yielded to the hope of gain, and all was made easy for Sir Walter's experiment in high romance.

At first he was delayed by adverse weather. "This wind breaks my heart," he wrote to Cecil from Sherborne in December 1594. "That should carry me hence now stays me here, and holds seven ships in the river of Thames. As soon as God send them hither I will not lose one hour of time." And he did not. In February he set sail, arrived at Trinidad, made his expedition with five small boats in search of Manoa, the golden city, and though he found it not, brought back an earnest of wealth and an exact knowledge of the country through which he passed. It was a pioneer's voyage, and had it been followed up much of Ralegh's promising might have been fulfilled. Nor was it in vain, even if we measure it by the results attained. Wherever he went Ralegh was seen by the natives in the guise of a liberator. He struck the Spanish fetters from the kindly, ill-treated inhabitants, and won their confidence for England and himself. He lost no chance of gathering the facts which would be useful in the future. He sought out all the aged men and greatest travellers in the country, and questioning them narrowly, he "came to understand the situations,

the rivers, the kingdoms from the East Sea to the borders of Peru, and from Orinoco southward as far as the Amazon or Maragnon." Wherever he went he sang to the natives the praises of England and her Queen, "dilating at large her Majesty's greatness, her justice, her charity to all oppressed nations, with as many of the rest of her beauties and virtues as either he could express or they conceive," until they were ready idolatrously to worship her. And the rest of the things that he saw and did on his voyage, are they not written in 'The Discovery of Guiana,' an admirable discourse which he printed on his return to England?

He came home, content with what he had achieved, and implored Cecil "to move her Majesty that none be suffered to soil the enterprise." He implored in vain. The Kings of the borders, which were by his peril, labour, and charge won to her Majesty, were "by other pilferers lost again." Worse than this, Ralegh's enemies contrived to throw doubt upon the whole enterprise. They spread a rumour about that he had remained hidden in Cornwall, while his friends risked their lives in "the broken islands and drowned lands" of Guiana. They charged him with having "salted" the new discovered country with gold from Barbary. In their envy they hoped that any lies were good enough to besmirch the honest fame of Ralegh, and doubtless were content to see their malice prevent the proper furthering of his scheme. To-day we know that Ralegh's own story went not an inch beyond the truth, that it has been amply confirmed by later travellers. But Ralegh was one upon whose head the tile always fell, and it was decreed that he should sow what others were to reap. *Sic vos non vobis.*

VII.

Hitherto Ralegh had borne without complaint the alternations of fortune, high and low, and now, after a few years more of royal favour, he approached the long fifth act of his life's tragedy. His fall, which came with the accession of James I., was in due accord with the ordered catastrophe of the Elizabethan drama. Ruin came upon him with astonishing swiftness. The new King, poisoned in his mind by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, the wickedest man of a wicked age, received Sir Walter Ralegh with coldness, and straightway began to deprive him of his offices. The captaincy of the guard was taken from him; he was bidden instantly to resign the wardenship of the Stannaries and the government of Jersey, though he had established there a land system which survives to-day, and faithful to his own colonial policy had encouraged the trade in fish with Jersey and Newfoundland. Past services weighed not a feather

in haste from "following the cart, or sitting in the shop-stall." And in his final invocation to Death, his constant theme—"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded"—he writes a prose which Donne could not surpass, and which may well have been a model to Sir Thomas Browne himself.

That James I. should have pounced upon the book and been minded to suppress it is not strange. For not only did Ralegh in his preface sketch Henry VIII. in the colours of truth, but he preached always to this text: "God is the sorest and sharpest schoolmaster that can be devised for such kings as think this world ordained for them without curtailment to turn it upside down at their pleasure." Ralegh, enclosed within the Tower, thought himself free to express such thoughts as were in him, and he recked not of the King's disapproval. And all the while he was dreaming of Guiana and its gold. Even 'The History of the World' was but an interlude in the constancy of his purpose. At last he moved the obduracy of the King, and in 1616 was liberated from the Tower to prepare for the last voyage, in which he risked all that was left of fortune to him and his wife. The voyage failed miserably. How could it succeed when its leader travelled with a halter about his neck? Scurvy and foul winds prepared for disaster. Mutiny ensured it. His ships were filled with the world's scum, and his disheartened followers refused to go on when triumph seemed within their reach. There is little doubt that the King increased his danger by warning the Spaniards of his coming. His son was killed, and Keymys, his friend, put an end to his own life. So Ralegh came back with no hope, and the certainty in his heart of a shameful death. He was beheaded three hundred years ago in Old Palace Yard, and he matched his heroic life with an heroic death. "He was the most fearless of death that ever was known," said the Dean of Westminster, who was with him at the scaffold, "and the most resolute and confident, yet with reverence and conscience." When he touched the edge of the axe with his finger, "This gives me no fear," said he; "it is a sharp and fair medicine to cure me of all my diseases." And the man in the crowd who cried as the head was shewn to the people, "We have not such another head to be cut off," spoke with the voice of all his countrymen.

Thus died, three centuries ago, a great Englishman who, having many aims, fell not short of attaining them all—a true Elizabethan, faithful with an equal mind to words and deeds. His death, noble for himself, was infamous only for them who compassed it; and Ralegh, the hero, is still remembered with honour when the names of his murderers are but blots upon soiled parchment.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE WAR AND THE CENSORSHIP—THE PRACTICAL ELOQUENCE OF ADMIRAL SIMS—THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS—"EYES TO WEEP WITH"—PRESIDENT WILSON AND PEACE—THE HOHENZOLLERNS AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE—MR BALFOUR ON THE HUNS—"A NATION IN ARMS OR A MILITIA"—VISCOUNT GREY AND HIS LEAGUE.

WHEN the War began we took the very proper precaution of establishing a censorship. In a struggle, upon whose issue depended the future of Europe and the world, we could not imitate the follies of which we had been guilty in the Crimea and elsewhere, and set the distribution of news above our national security. Rightly enough we followed the example of Japan, and rigorously controlled our correspondents at the Front. The Censors of the Press have done their work only too well. They have erred always on the side of thoroughness. From the picture of the war which they have compelled us to present, the prowess of England has been too often omitted. Those things which every German knows have been concealed from our eyes. The very names of our generals and our regiments have been suppressed, and the natural result is that half the world still believes that England has been not much more than a sympathetic observer of the conflict. This fiction was more easily sent flying through the mouths of men, because the English are not skilled in the art of blowing their own trumpet. They have done their duty without fuss and without bluster. Their habit of secrecy has been encouraged by the Censors, and the amiable suggestion that the English would fight to the last Frenchman or Scot or Welshman, or Canadian or Australian or New Zealander, was industriously employed to serve the malicious purpose of Germany.

And now by all means in our power we are trying to overtake our own deception. We are spending thousands (even millions) in such propaganda as shall prove the falsehood of the picture which, under the auspices of the censorship, we have drawn of ourselves. What our own mistaken reticence has cost us we may presently be able to estimate, and also how much the Press Censorship, an absolute necessity in time of war, has cost us by its mistaken policy of concealment. Meanwhile, if an air of mystery has enveloped our Army, what shall we say of the dark impenetrable fog in which our Navy has done its work? The spirited attack made upon Ostend and Zeebrugge, in accord with the ancient tradition of our fighting ships, reminded us how much we still owed to the invincible sea-power of Britain. But the Fleet once more hid itself behind the curtain of impenetrability, and the work of Great Britain was once more underrated.

We welcome, therefore, with all the greater warmth the generous speech made some weeks since by Admiral Sims to the journalists of his own country. Admiral Sims spoke as a sailor, without flourish or rhetorical gesture, and he told America in the plainest terms precisely what our Navy has done and is doing in the War. The debt of gratitude which we owe to him is wholly independent of our self-love. It is but common justice which demands a disclosure of our deeds, and after Admiral Sims' straightforward words there is no room for doubt or shame. "There had been an idea," said he, "in the American mind that the American Navy had been doing the bulk of the work over here—at least a half. That is not correct." He pointed out that of the 5000 anti-submarine craft at work, day and night, only 160 were American, or 3 per cent. Again, he combated the statement, sometimes made in the American Press, that the Americans, by a miracle of their Navy, had got a million and a half troops here in a few months, and had protected them by the way. "We didn't do that," said Admiral Sims. "Great Britain did. She brought over two-thirds of them, and escorted a half. We escort only one-third of the merchant vessels that come over."

And how is Great Britain able to achieve these wonders on the sea? "The reason they can do this"—again it is Admiral Sims who speaks—"is because up in the North Sea somewhere is lying the great British Grand Fleet. They can do this work because the British Grand Fleet is so powerful that the German High Seas Fleet has to stay at home. If a catastrophe should happen to the British Grand Fleet, there is no power on earth that can save us, for then the German High Seas Fleet can come out and sweep the seas. The British Grand Fleet is the foundation-stone of the cause of the whole of the Allies." That is perfectly true. Had it not been for the British Fleet, the Germans would long ago have been masters of the world. And the moral of Admiral Sims' direct and honest speech is this: there must be no more discussion of the thing that is called "the freedom of the seas." Neither now nor at a peace conference must we abate one jot of our supremacy. We fought the Declaration of London with success before the war, and we must not surrender the advantage which then we gained. Upon the mastery of the sea depend the prosperity and the freedom of Great Britain. We have not fought for more than four years merely to decline upon an act of suicide.

Against the freedom of the seas we fought Napoleon for some twenty years. Many times peace was ours for the asking, had we only acknowledged "the equality of all flags on the sea." This we could not do then, and cannot do now, without endangering our very existence. Germany's desire to

free the seas is easily intelligible. She is a Continental power, which even in war-time can communicate freely with such of her neighbours as are not hostile to her. If she choose she can exchange commodities with Russia or Austria, and there is none to hinder her. At the same time she can prevent, without trouble, our access to these countries. And we hear no vague talk about the freedom of the land. We, on the other hand, depend for our approach to all and sundry upon the sea. That is our element, and if we lose control of it our life is at an end. Germany does not permit us to travel across her borders when we are at war, in search of such commodities as we need to make our guns and to fill our shells. And we, in our turn, relying upon our Fleet, forbid the Germans to replenish their empty stores from the granaries and factories oversea. In peace-time the ocean has hitherto been free and open to all, and it will be free and open again to the Germans when after a long boycott they have paid their offences against sea law. And it has been free and open because the English have freed it from piracy and have kept it decently and honestly policed. If to-day we surrendered the supremacy which we have won by the heroism of Hawke and Jervis and Nelson, we should either sink into a second-rate power or we should be forced to begin the next war by tearing up a scrap of paper. We intend to do neither of these things, and if, in Admiral Sims' words, "the British Grand Fleet is the foundation-stone of the cause of the whole of the Allies," we know that those Allies would not, if they could, at the request of a beaten Germany, disturb us in the possession of a power which has saved the civilised world from slavery.

Meanwhile the Allied Armies and the Allied Fleets are accomplishing the work of emancipation. The Germans are retreating everywhere before the hammer blows of Marshal Foch and the united Armies under his command. The friends of Germany are ready to make the best terms they can to escape from a battlefield on which defeat is certain. We are faced by one simple duty: to fight the Germans until they surrender unconditionally. We want no discussion with them, no interchanges of views, no bargaining of this advantage against that. All the advantages are ours, and at the proper time we shall make the best use of them we can. We cannot parley with the Germans, because we are unable to believe in their good faith. There is no reason why we should show them the slightest tenderness, because they have proved themselves savages, unrestrained by the laws of war or decency. As they are driven back we discover day by day fresh atrocities which they have committed. The horrible crimes of which they have been guilty cannot be punished by conversations. The only peace which is possible is a dictated peace. The only terms to which the Allies can agree will be the terms of

justice, untempered by mercy. A victorious Germany, as she herself has said, would have left us only our eyes to weep with. We know what she would have meted out to others, and with what measure they meted let it be measured to them again.

Stricken in the field, the Germans fall back upon a species of cunning which will deceive nobody. Believing with some reason that idealism flourishes more luxuriantly at a distance of three thousand miles than in devastated and enslaved France, the Germans go whining for peace to President Wilson. Thus they hoped, if they miss peace, at least to divide America from the Allies. A vain hope, which has been speedily disappointed. Indeed, it seems to us that far too much importance was attached to what was no more than an exchange of personal views. President Wilson spoke for himself alone; he met with half-hearted support in his own country, and he finally convinced the most sanguine of the Germans that they could expect little support from him. But the mere fact that he spoke for himself alone suggests that the sooner the Allies establish a united committee, whose duty it shall be to agree upon terms of peace, the better will it be for our security in the future, our serenity in the present time. We have fought side by side; side by side, therefore, we must dictate terms to the Boche, and decide what punishments are adequate for the manifold crimes that he has committed.

The reception in America of the President's answer to the German request for an armistice, and of Prince Max of Baden's rejoinder, is the best proof that Germany's trick failed completely. Mr Taft perceived at once the Boche's insincerity, and also "the very general" character of the President's fourteen points, which alone would keep a conference busy for months. Nor did Senator Lodge harbour any illusions. "Mr M'Adoo and some of the Press," said he, "speak of the German Note, if authentic, as a complete surrender. It is nothing of the kind. It is not surrender, and it is highly conditional. If we accept the Note, it means that Germany has failed to conquer the world at this moment, and that we have lost the war." But it is Mr Roosevelt who spoke with the voice which will be most warmly welcomed in Europe. "I greatly regret," said he, "that the President has entered into these negotiations, and I trust they will be stopped. We have announced that we will not submit to a negotiated peace, and under such conditions to begin negotiations is bad faith with ourselves and our Allies."

We are continually being told that we cannot make peace with the Hohenzollerns, and that we have no quarrel with the German people. Both these statements are meaningless, and the sooner we cease to repeat them parrot-wise the better equipped shall we be for the drawing up efficiently of the terms which we mean to impose. As we are resolved upon a dictated peace,

it does not matter very much to whom we dictate it. And while we have every right to insist upon the heaviest penalties, while we have every right to insure ourselves against another attack upon the liberties of the world, not even conquest permits us to say how and by whom Germany shall be governed in the future. The Germans, after the war, will govern themselves as seems to them best. They will be unable to heap up fresh armaments, because the indemnities which they will be forced to pay will give them neither leisure nor a balance at their banks. But if they do not think that human wisdom and human salvation depend upon the erection of neat little ballot-boxes in the streets of Berlin, let them be free to reject an artifice which has boded small good to those who have boasted about it.

The other statement that we have no quarrel with the German people is obviously absurd. With whom, then, have we a quarrel? "Brutes they were," said Mr Balfour, "when they began the war, and, as far as we can judge, brutes they remain at the present moment." The whole people has shared, without a protest, what it believed to be the triumph of its rulers. It must share, without extenuation, the sentence which shall be pronounced against them all. If the people had objected in the hour of victory to its rulers' brutalities, it could have made its objections heard. Herr Harden, whom we may accept as an echo of the popular voice, has held every possible opinion during the war, and he was very careful, until he saw the approach of disaster, not to say a single word in dispraise of the German military leaders. He boasted that it was "our war," that "we willed it," and when he protests, as he protests to-day, that the German people shall not do penance for the crimes of a few, he talks nonsense. In brief, the truth could not have been more clearly stated than it has been stated by Mr Balfour. "I wish I could think that these atrocious crimes," said he, "were the issues of a small, dominant, military class, . . . but it is incredible that crimes like these, perpetrated in the light of day, known to all mankind, condemned from one end of the civilised world to the other, should go on being repeated month after month of four years of embittered warfare, if they did not commend themselves to the population which commits them."

If any one is so simple as to believe that Germany is chastened, let him read General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven's new treatise, entitled 'A Nation in Arms or a Militia?' Here there is no disguise, no pretence that a League of Free Nations will abolish war. General von Freytag is already looking towards the next conflict, and doing his best to solve the problem of ultimate victory. He is a realist who places facts above sentiments, and he does his best to discover by what means his country can best be strengthened for the future

His book is a piece of close argument, and withal a vivid summary of military history. He begins, in true German fashion, by citing Heraclitus's definition of war as the begetter of all things. "It cannot be otherwise," says he. "Such a World-War as the present, quite apart from its other effects, must produce a very marked quickening of the intellectual qualities." There is here no condemnation of "militarism." So he praises the unremitting industry of the German army, in which, he says, the wish expressed by Treitschke that the defeat of 1806 should be "ineffaceable from the memory of all future generations as a personal injury, an admonition upon all to vigilance, humility, and loyalty," found its fulfilment. Such was the temper of the German army in 1914. Such will it be after this war is over, save that it will add to its memory of 1806 the memory of 1918, unless we do what Napoleon against his better judgment refrained from doing —put Germany in such a position of inferiority that the memory will be too bitter to inspire the hope of vengeance.

General von Freytag, at any rate, has made up his mind that after the war Germany must, and shall, be "a nation trained in arms." He proves by a large array of instances the failure of a militia. We do not know whether the final defeat of his own country by hastily raised levies will persuade him to change his opinion. But when he composed his discourse, his mind was made up. He admits that the world-embracing theories of 1815 did not constitute any immediate danger. "Europe had just struck to earth," he writes, "by her united forces, the tyrant who had kept her in thraldom. It was permissible then to dally with thoughts of a militia. At the present day, in view of Germany's central position and of the mighty world-political interests which she has at stake, it is not permissible. Only too clearly has it been revealed that our safety in the future can be guaranteed only by a firmly knit, trained national army, not by a loose militia." General von Freytag, being a German, is deficient in humour, or he would not talk of "tyrants" or "thraldoms." But the intention which he has for the future is plain. If he can, he will convert Germany once again into a vast nation in arms. And if his countrymen pretend to enter into a league of nations, we may be sure that they will do what Scharnhorst did in 1806 — employ once more the Krümper system, should the nation in arms be denied them, and burst upon a pacific world with a highly-trained, well-equipped army.

It is plain, therefore, that if we are to check the military ambition of Germany, something more solid than a League of Nations will be necessary. We hear much of this League. A better stimulus to illusory eloquence has not been found for many a year. The League of Nations is not a policy, it is a superstition; and, like other

superstitions, it has little meaning, and should have no influence at all upon our agreements of peace. It is a thing which we are not permitted to argue about. We must accept it as it is given to us, and "no questions asked." But not one of its champions has yet tried to explain how the laws passed by the League of Nations are to be enforced. Many speeches have been made by Viscount Grey of Fallodon and others, and they amount precisely to nothing. We hear a vast deal about "an economic boycott," and we know that if Viscount Grey of Fallodon has his way, there will be Free Trade all round. Again, we are told that after the war there will be disarmament, and Viscount Grey, with his sanguine temper, suggests that Germany will be the first power asked to disarm. But, we ask in honest simplicity, how shall you compel Germany to disarm? When Prussia lay at the feet of Napoleon, he insisted that Prussia should disarm. And Prussia took his warning so nearly to heart, that she pretended to disarm in 1806, and, as we have said, in 1813 had an army large enough to win the battle of Leipzig. The Allies are not so strong and are not so vigilant as Napoleon. How, therefore, shall they keep an efficient check upon the growing forces of Germany?

A greater contrast to General von Freytag could not be found than Viscount Grey. The German is a stern realist; the Englishman is a tepid idealist. And the Englishman's idealism is the greatest danger which confronts us to-day. The Germans, completely defeated, are like the drowning man who will catch hold of any plank that presents itself. They want raw materials, and they will join any league which will provide them with what they want. They will take all they can, and will give nothing. And our sentimentalists will welcome them, like erring brothers, to a warm embrace. Viscount Grey's strongest argument is, of course, his very proper hatred of war. He thinks that the suffering caused by the present war, and an understanding of the horrors which may overtake us in the future, will convince the world that a repetition of it must be avoided at all costs. So far, we are in complete agreement with Viscount Grey. We must avoid a repetition of the war, and we can avoid it best by keeping intact our present alliances and by resolving that never again shall we fall behind the Germans in our armaments. The policy is clear, and may easily be carried out. But it does not satisfy Viscount Grey. Before a practical method of defence he prefers the foolish dream of a league, which will never become a useful reality, and which will prove, in the hands of foolish politicians, a mere instrument of tyranny. As Viscount Grey calls his league a league of free nations, we may take it for granted that he wishes to impose what is known as "democracy" upon the whole world. Even if the democratic principle were generally acknowledged as a

thing beyond dispute, even if we all believed that the ballot-box was the beginning and the end of wisdom, Viscount Grey's pretension would be absurd. There may lurk somewhere in Europe a nation which does not desire to be wise or free. And what right has Viscount Grey or another to inflict wisdom or freedom upon those who do not desire it?

However, Viscount Grey is convinced that there must be no more wars, and he thinks that this conviction will supply "the motive-power which will make the League of Nations work." Again we are unable to agree with him. The League of Nations will "work" by force of arms. To enforce peace we must condemn ourselves to be perpetually at war. We must guard all the frontiers and keep a watchful eye upon all countries. And about this huge army, which would be the first necessity of our League, Viscount Grey says little or nothing. A single paragraph seems to him enough to explain the duties and purposes of the international police. "Supposing the League once formed," he said, "the treaty signed, the treaty binding the nations composing the League to settle any disputes that may arise between them by some method other than that of war, and each of them undertaking an obligation that if any nation does break the covenant, they will use all the forces at their disposal against that nation which has so broken it." The grammar is uncertain, and the meaning is not very clear. Viscount Grey does not explain how the avenging nations shall use the forces at their disposal or how they shall invade the recalcitrant country. That country will assuredly take good care to arm itself before it breaks the covenant, and may have as good a chance as Germany thought she had in 1914 of dominating the world. How, then, should we be in a better position to make an end of war with a League of Nations than without it?

But Viscount Grey would not limit the duties of his international force to punishing unruly countries. He aspires to be the policeman of the nations, and to turn his dark lantern upon all those who dare to infringe the laws of democracy. "I do not see," says he, "why the League of Nations, once formed, should necessarily be idle." Indeed, it would never be idle. "I do not see why it should not arrange for an authority, and an international force at its disposal, which should act as police act in individual countries." What a terrible prospect! Instead of making an end of all wars we should see to it that peace was never signed, and should ensure for this unhappy world a perpetual state of war. And the League of Nations will not only keep the peace—it will arrange also the domestic policies of the nations. Viscount Grey agrees with President Wilson that each nation belonging to the League should settle its own fiscal policy, which is truly a vast concession. But, and here is a vast exception, "having settled it, it must apply it to all the members of the League without

discrimination." If these words mean anything, they mean that England, having chosen Free Trade, must not make bargains with any of her friends. Germany and France must have equal privileges and equal advantages. If we permit our French friends to send over their commodities duty-free, we must give the same permission to our German enemies. Which is absurd. And that is not the worst: we must sacrifice all that we have of patriotism and national character; we must become frankly international, without hope and without pride. And if we dare to assert ourselves, to boast that we are compatriots with Shakespeare and Milton, Germany, as leader of the League, will land an army at Dover, and march upon London, the more effectively to chasten our arrogance.

However, the League of Nations will probably remain a pious aspiration. When peace is signed the Allies will feel so strong a confidence in themselves that they will not ask for mischievous safeguards. They will place Germany in such a state that she will not be able to make war, even if she wishes it. And for themselves, they have had enough of fighting. They fought to save civilisation, and they have saved it. What more is there for them to do? They must be strong enough to keep the wild beasts of Europe properly caged, and stern enough to prevent those wild beasts coming back from their cage to parley with respectable citizens. But to achieve this no League is necessary. We have but to guard our own alliances, and to take care that Germany does not arm herself again for a hundred years. The whole problem can be solved by exacting large indemnities. We are constantly told that it is useless to exact them, because Germany cannot pay them. Was ever a more foolish argument advanced? Of course Germany cannot pay all that will be demanded of her on the nail. But she can pay the interest on her debt, and she can create a sinking fund. Only a year before this war broke out, certain towns in Germany paid the last instalment that was owing of the sums demanded by Napoleon a hundred years ago. If in the year 2018 the Germans have not yet paid off their capital debt to France and Belgium and England, we need not complain. We shall have taken care that the interest is duly paid.

There is another reason, besides the inherent folly of the League of Nations, why we deplore Viscount Grey's sudden interposition in affairs. He is a discredited politician, and if we are ever again to enjoy the benefits of sound government, we must punish our politicians for their misdeeds. As it stands at present, politics is the only trade which pays no penalty for failure. The Radicals, who by refusing to place the country in a proper state of defence made war certain, are showing a feverish desire to call attention to themselves. An election is imminent, and they must perforce advertise themselves and their

merits to their constituents. They are all of them busy making speeches. Lord Haldane cannot keep silence. Mr Asquith has delivered him of a noble set of eloquent platitudes. And now Viscount Grey has attempted to explain what he means by a League of Nations. The explanation is not remarkable; it is remarkable that it should have been made at all; and we can only advise our readers to turn to the revelations of Prince Lichnowsky, and ask themselves whether the politician who surrendered so many British interests to the Germans is entitled to a hearing on any subject even remotely connected with foreign affairs.

We regret to record the death of Mr Clifton Collins, an old and faithful contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine.' He wrote on many subjects, and always with distinction. He discoursed of the Pytchley Country and of Cookery, of the Cambridge Apostles and Holland House; and in whatever he wrote he displayed a profound knowledge of history and a keen sense of style. A sound scholar, he devoted himself to the study of Greek; and we have it, on the authority of one of the most erudite men of our generation, that Clifton Collins had no rival in the exposition of Plato. And yet it is for what he was rather than for what he wrote that we shall always treasure his memory. A man whose zest for life was always keen, he was cut off from the sights and sounds which should have been his enduring pleasure. So deaf was he that his friends could converse with him only on paper. And yet his courage never faltered; he never yielded to depression. Hampered as he was, he was always of a stout and cheerful heart. Suffering from such afflictions as would have overwhelmed the most of men, he preserved unto the end a praiseworthy aspect of pride, even of arrogance. As we look back upon him, and recall the many hours we have spent with him in vigorous talk, we forget that the sense of hearing was denied him, and remember only his quick argument and eloquent discourse. Educated at Oxford, he chose Cambridge in his riper years, and was a loyal friend to the University, which he had adopted as his own. So scrupulous was he in preserving his anonymity, that he refrained from signing his excellent articles, and left no other proof of his scholarship behind him than two little books on Plato and Sophocles. It is, therefore, all the more our genuine pleasure and our bounden duty to record in the 'Magazine,' in which he always professed the liveliest interest, our respect for his learning, and our admiration of his character.

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